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THE FIERIAN

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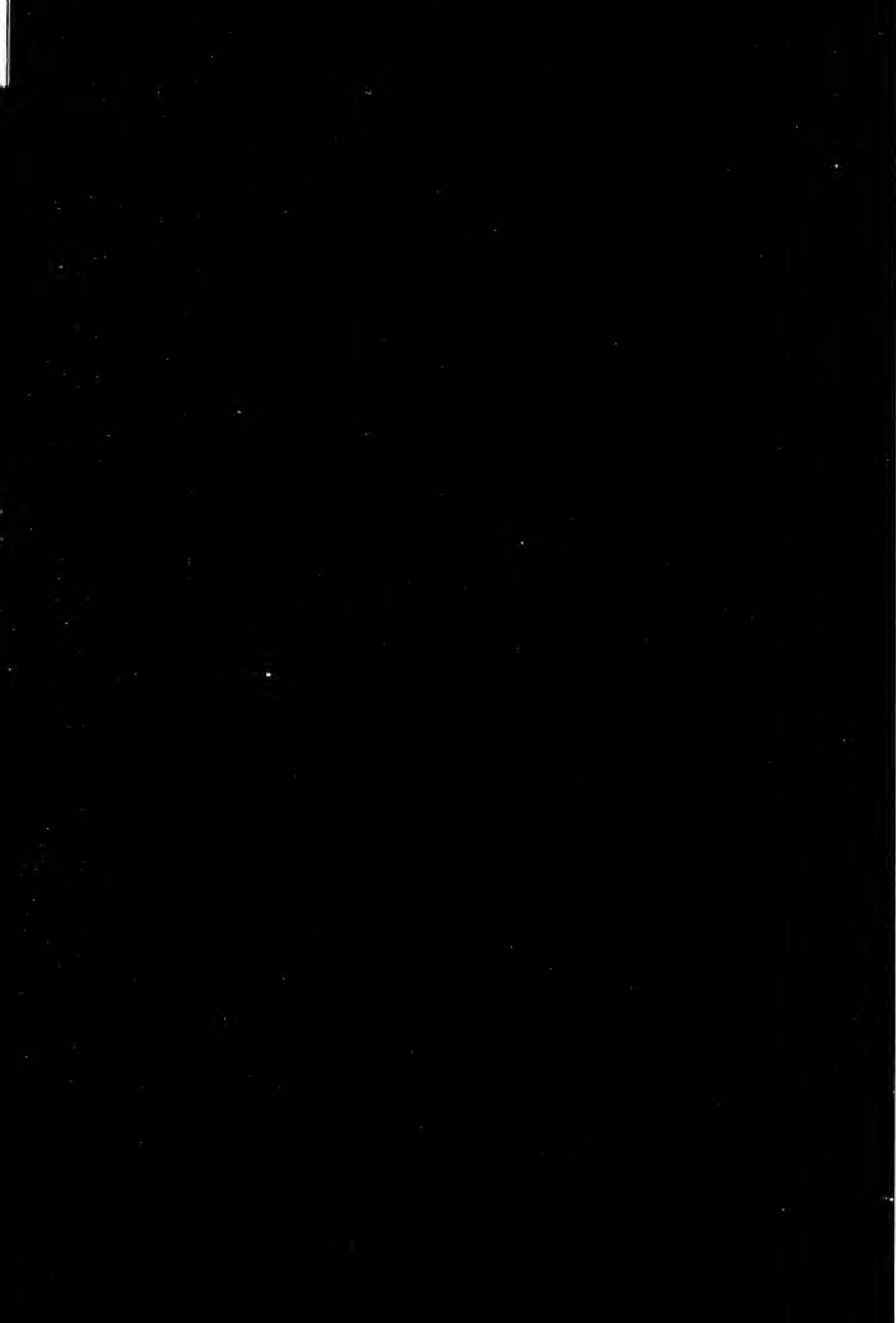
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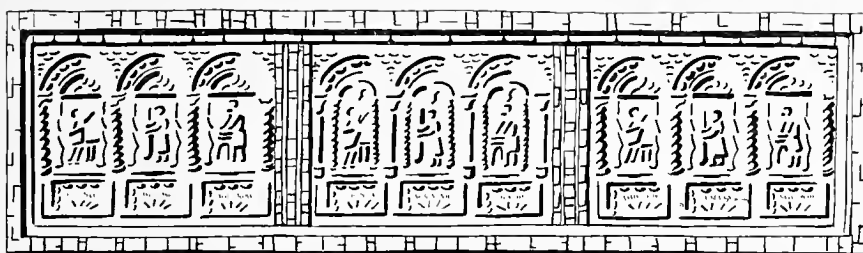




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THE PIERIAN

BEING THE YEAR BOOK OF THE
RICHMOND HIGH SCHOOL
EDITED BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF

1916



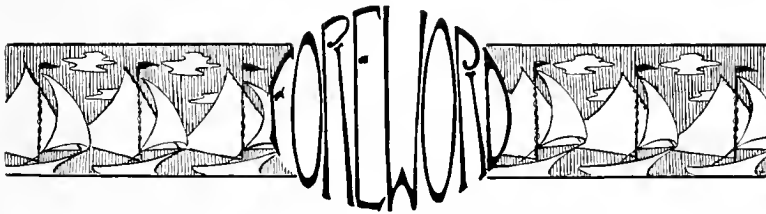
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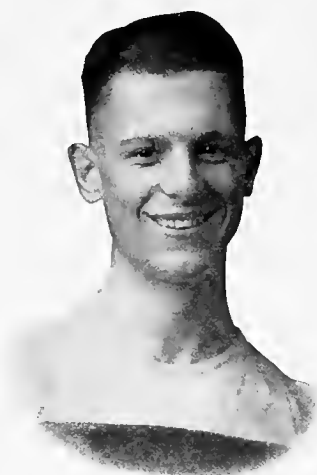


THE RICHMOND HIGH SCHOOL.

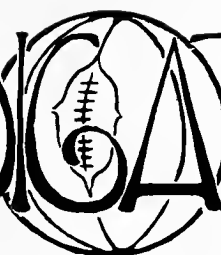
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NOW we launch the good ship PIERIAN, laden with fun and forget-me-nots, upon the seas of Criticism, hoping the winds of Ridicule handle it not so roughly but that, in later days, it may reach the port Satisfaction and tie up in the dock of Happy Memories.



DEDICATION



TO

THE TEAM

THAT SO WELL REPRESENTED THE SCHOOL,
THAT FAITHFULLY KEPT TRAINING,
THAT, WHETHER WINNING OR LOSING, ALWAYS
UPHELD THE GOOD NAME OF
THE RICHMOND HIGH SCHOOL,
WE, THE CLASS OF 1916,
DEDICATE THIS PIERIAN.

NAP

CY

CUTEY

CAP

TOE

BUS

DODO





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B. W. Kelly.

Charles Towle.

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Nina Shera, '16.

Whitney McGuire, '16.

Electa Foster, '17.

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Carolyn Bradley, '16.

Howard Ball, '16.

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Ralph Ballenger, '18.

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Talbert Jessup, '17.

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Ray Jordon, '16.

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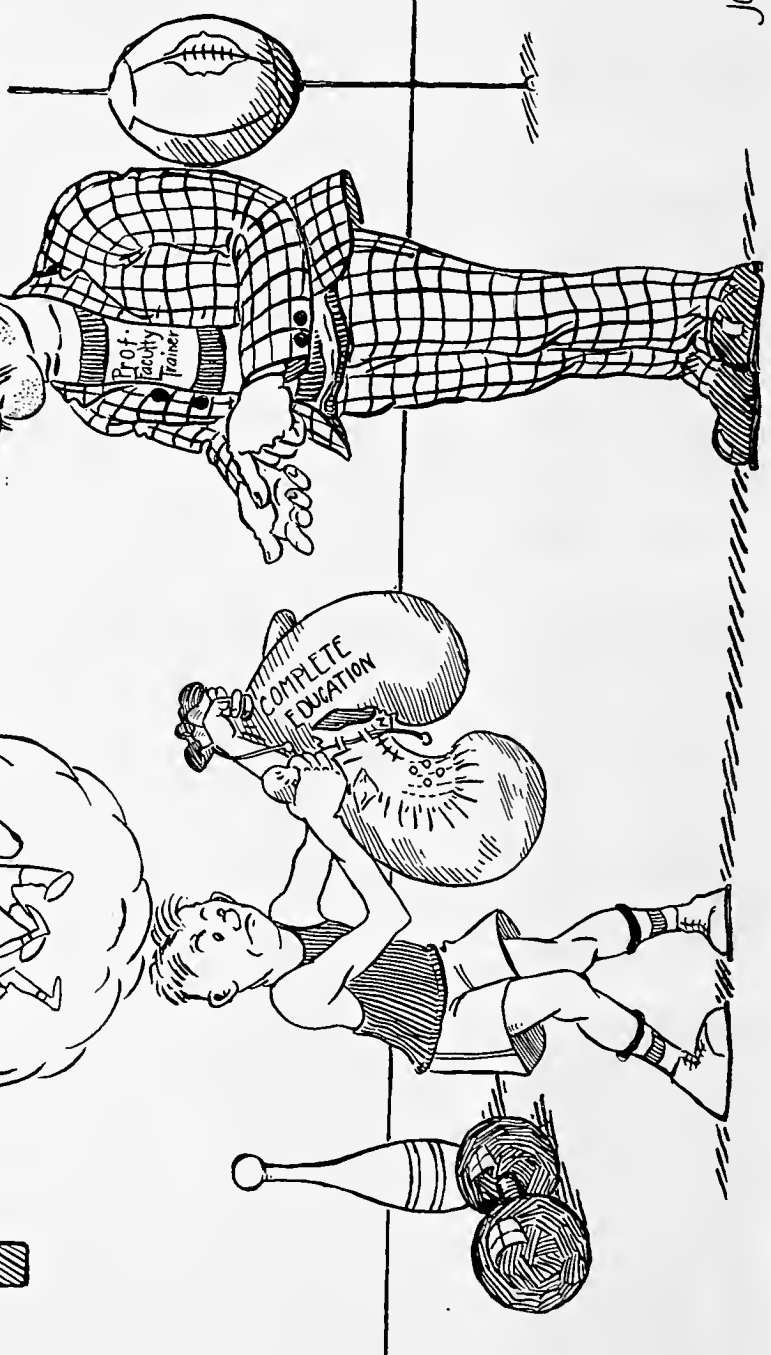


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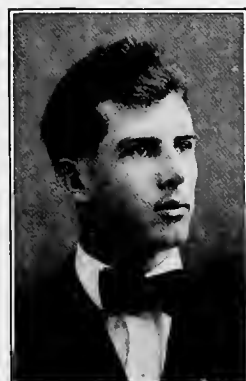
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FRESHMEN



The Freshman Class

BY MARTHA ILIFF, '19.

THE Freshman class of 1915 was one of the largest that ever entered the Richmond High School. There were two hundred and twenty-six boys and girls that came from Garfield School alone. Six of these were admitted to the orchestra immediately.

The thoughts of these Freshmen on their first day in the High School were probably the same as those of other "Greenlings"; such as, "Isn't it wonderful?", "I'll never learn where to go!", "What a lot of teachers!", and "Oh, I know I will be late to class." But within a few days they became normal, and settled down to the grind that falls to the lot of the "Freshie." Perhaps all of them did not change their opinion of its being a wonderful place, for it surely is that, but they soon lost the thought of getting lost.

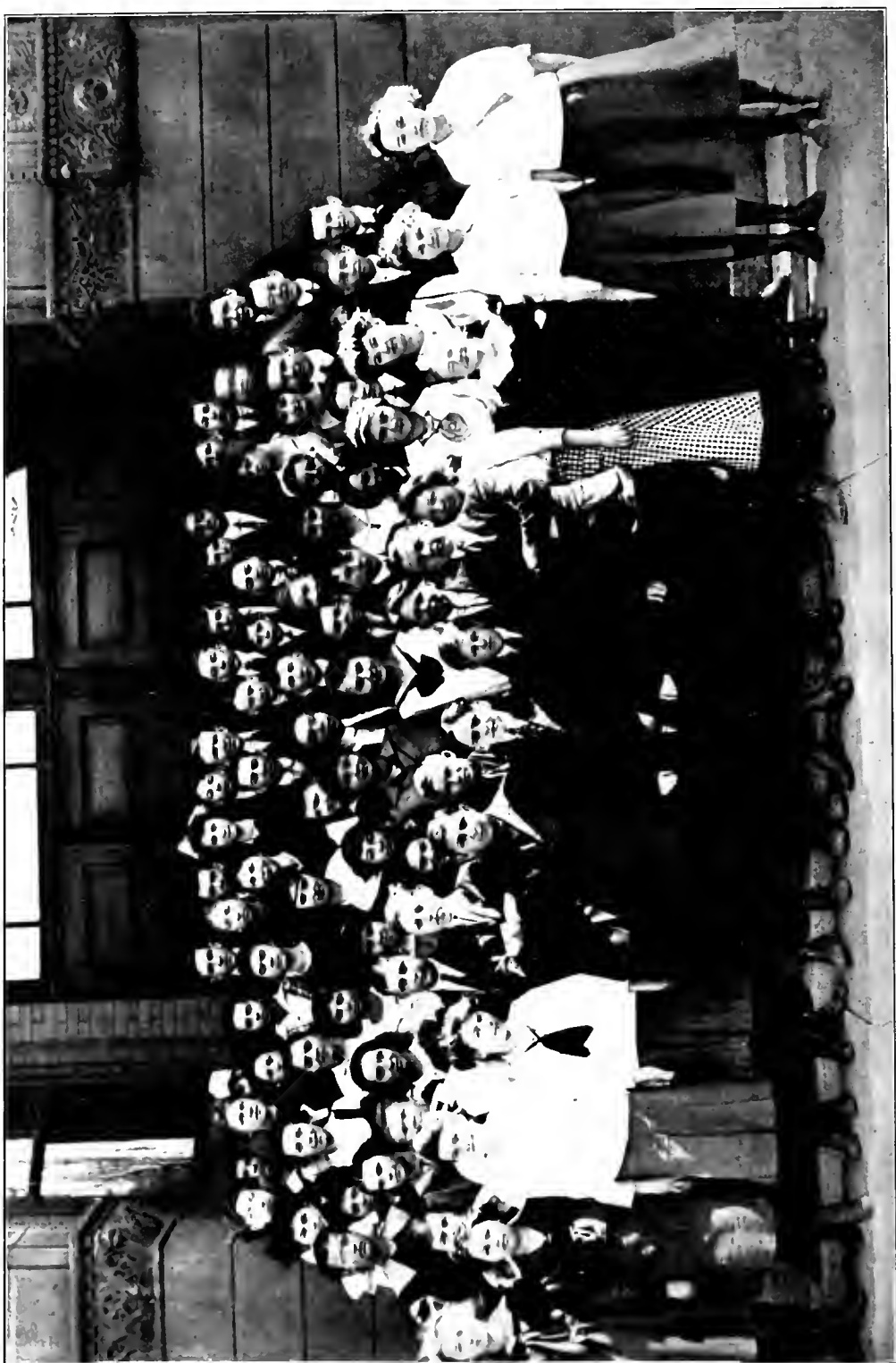
The Freshmen of 1915, according to Mr. Sloane, have shown more interest in music than former classes. Over seventy-five per cent. of them are taking music in some of its courses.

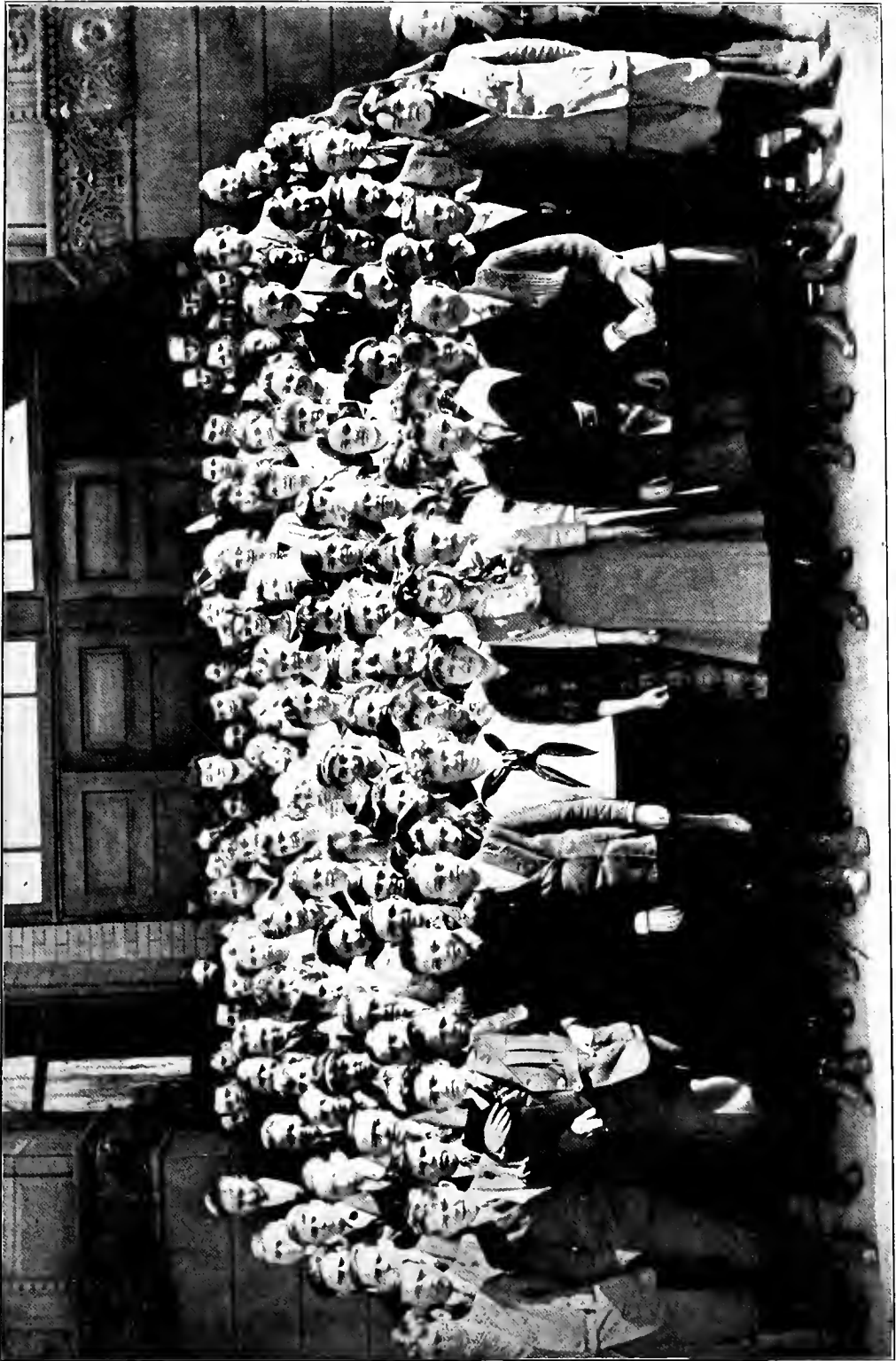
The class promises some good material for future years: William Haberkern in Public Speaking, and Claude Miller in literary work.

As is the custom, names of Freshmen took up the largest amount of space on the honor roll.

To say we intend to do things in the future would be putting it very mildly, for we are going to do a great many big things well in our next three years.

Watch us Grow!





SOPHOMORES



EARL
/ RYAN

The Class of 1918

BY EARL KEISKER, '18.

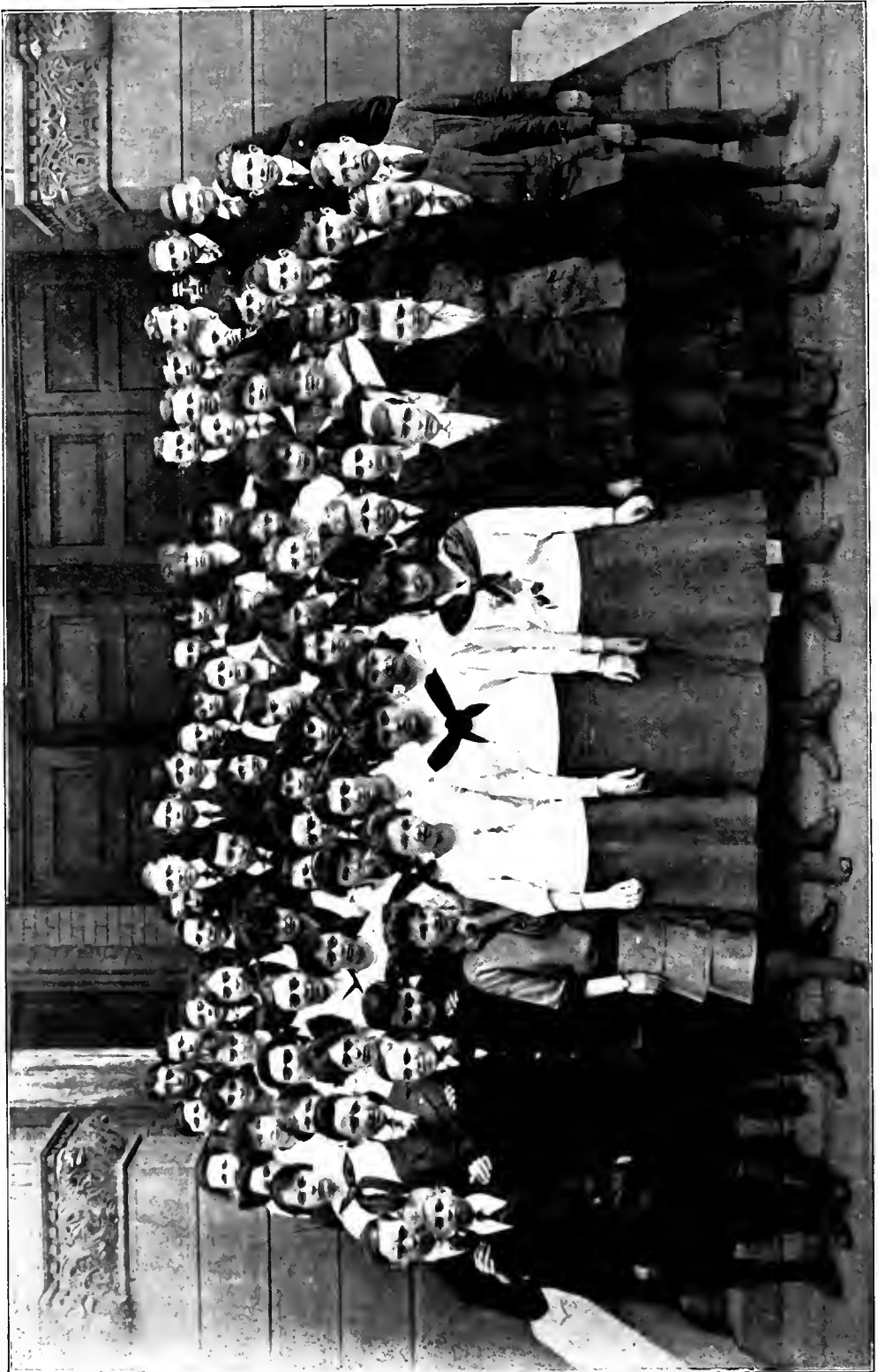
APPROXIMATELY two years ago we, the class of 1918, entered the portals of the Richmond High School with eyes wide open with wonderment as we gazed upon the long corridors and spacious rooms.

Then we were looked upon contemptuously by the haughty Junior and still haughtier Senior who as they passed us disdainfully said, "Freshie."

Now we are looked upon with more respect because we are now Sophomores and are steadily progressing towards the goal which is to be to each our greatest achievement, graduation.

We are exceedingly proud of the fact that all the members of the Richmond High School Second Team in Basketball, which established a highly creditable record, are Sophomores with one exception. We also have one of our members upon the Board of Control.

If we can establish so good a record while we are Sophomores what will it be when we are Juniors?





JUNIORS



John King



The Class of 1917

BY GURNEY STIDHAM, '17.

'T WAS a beautiful September day. An old man carrying a bag upon his back was slowly toiling up the mountain. His passage was difficult, for the bag was heavy and the road was rough and steep. As he was nearing the top of the mountain, he left the road and entered a secret path which led him into a little valley high up in the mountains. 'Twas a secluded yet a most beautiful spot, called the garden of secondary education.

The old man, Father Time, is its sole keeper. Each autumn he goes to the lowlands and selects the most perfect seed from the multitude to be found there. These he carries to his garden in the mountains. He plants them here, and in the course of four years they are ready to bear fruit. The bag which the old man had just carried up the mountain, contained the sturdy stock of the '17 class of the R. H. S.

Since the old man was a little superstitious and feared that planting in the year '13 might bring bad results, he took special care in his preparations. As a result of his care, green sprouts began to show themselves in a very short time. The sprouts made rapid growth, and in the course of a year had become sturdy little plants.

Unconsciously the old man had become attached to these plants, probably because the results had been the opposite from what he had expected. The plants were now a part of his life, and he took special care of them. Bathed by the sunshine and frequent showers, they developed rapidly and by the end of the second year tiny buds began to appear.

Astonishing progress has been made during the present year, the third year of their growth. The buds have grown and grown until they have bursted, and therefrom have come beautiful flowers. But the flowers cannot always remain. The petals are now falling away to make way for the fruits which are beginning to appear. The old man is rejoicing over his crop and watches it closely day by day, for it promises to be the prize crop of his career.



The Class of 1917

UNLUCKY was the year '13,
But still, 'twas then it came to pass,
That to our dear old Richmond High,
There came a most ILLUSTRIOUS class.
We were and are a studious mass,
The Class of '17.

When first we entered, we were green,
But green we did not long remain,
For long and hard we always sought,
And always it was for some gain.
When once we failed we tried again,
The Class of '17.

The next year we were Sophomores called,
Our Freshman title passed away ;
A little farther were we now
Upon our long and toilsome way.
Advancing were we every day,
The Class of '17.

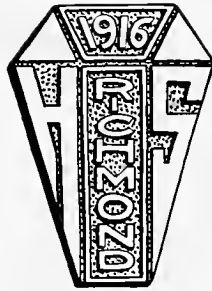
And now we are the Junior Class,
Of all the school we are the best (?).
Our BRILLIANT INTELLECT makes us
More quick to learn than all the rest.
We're qualified for any test,
The Class of '17.

This is what we'll say next year
When STALWART Seniors we've become,
"We've met the enemy, and they are ours,
At last our toilsome course is run,
The battle's fought, and we have won,"
The Class of '17.

GURNEY STIDHAM, '17.

SENIORS





In the Garden of Sixteen

BY HELEN RIGGS, '16.

IT ALL happened in the Garden of Sixteen, in the Land of the Future. It was a very beautiful garden. Two great trees bowing and touching at the top formed the entrance to it. In the center of the Garden was a marble Fountain toward which the rest of the Garden faced. A fine, perfumed mist over it all made it seem enchanted.

A student was wandering through the Garden. In wondrous admiration he exclaimed, "Where can I be! This is a most lovely place, but no one seems to be about."

Just then a Stranger entered, and upon being asked who he was, he said, "I am Time, the Keeper and Guardian of the Garden."

"Indeed! And would you please tell me about this Garden? I am at quite a loss to know where I am. I am a Student of the Richmond High School and have wandered here in my journeyings."

The Keeper bowed low. "I am exceedingly pleased to know you, and I shall gladly tell you what you wish to know. Many, many years ago, in 1916, the members of the Senior class of your own High School marched forth in solemn procession and planted these trees and flowers around that Fountain. I like to think of each one of these trees as the Spirit of the one who planted it. Often in the cool, pleasant evenings, I can hear them talk to each other about their High School life, though I never quite understand what they say. You probably noticed the two trees at the entrance. They are the spirits of the Leader and the Helper of the class, the President and the Sponsor.

"The Fountain toward which everything turns is the Fountain of Knowledge. The thirty-nine flower beds represent those who helped and mingled with the Students, the Teachers. This Mist which is always here is the Mist of Good Fellowship which overhung the class."

The Student sighed wistfully and said, "I did think we had a fine class, but, oh, if it possessed even a little of what this one had, it would be a much better one."

"Your class may have it if you will only take it."

"I will do anything to get it," replied the Student.

"This class left its good wishes to all who followed it. So I now bestow upon you, as I have upon many others, the blessing of the Class of 1916."

As he spoke they were enveloped in the Mists.



ACADEMIC — "Roman Wedding"; "The Man From Home"; Board of Control, '14; Cynosure, '15, '16; Pierian, '15; Dramatic Society; Commercial Club; Debating Team, '16; Oratory, '15, '16; Drum Corps, '16; Senior Class President.

We wonder whether "Nick's" ability as an orator will lead him to champion State Prohibition or Women's Rights.

ACADEMIC.

Everybody likes Irene although she does spend a lot of time studying.

ACADEMIC — "Douglas's Wild Oats"; "The Man From Home"; Dramatic Society; Senior Secretary.

Betty has been with us only a year, but she has made many friends and a good record.

ACADEMIC—Baseball, '14, '15; Basketball, '15, '16, Captain '15; Glee Club; Cynosure, '15; Pierian, '16.

"Clarunz" is far renowned for his strict neutrality, and passionate love stories drawn from personal experience.

COMMERCIAL—Dramatic Society; Glee Club; Cynosure, '16; Senior Vice-President.

"Larry," our playwright, will ever be remembered by "The Spring Circus." Also an extravagant user of Night Oil.

ACADEMIC — "Slats"; "Rosemary"; "Six Times Nine"; Basketball, '14, '15; G. A. A. President, '15; P. C. Treasurer, '14; Dramatic Society President, '16; Cynosure, '16; Pierian, '16.

When it comes to getting up spreads and parties, Helen is right there. Her grades set a standard for us all.





COMMERCIAL.

Helen can be remembered by her desire to see every good movie that came to town.

ACADEMIC—"Slats"; "The Man from Home"; Junior Vaudeville; Drum Corps Leader, '14, '15, '16; Pierian, '15, '16; Junior Class President, '15; Wireless Club, '14.

"Mere" is deeply engrossed in the study of birds. Just at present he is admiring an interesting species of the "Chrows."

COMMERCIAL.

Raymond was never known to have a date, a bad lesson, or very much to say at one time.

ACADEMIC—"Rosemary"; "Six Times Nine"; "The Man From Home"; Basketball; Captain Baseball, '16; G. A. A. Treasurer, '14; Pedestrian Club Vice-President, '15; Pierian, '15, '16; Dramatic Society; Junior Class Treasurer, '15.

"Katy" is famous for her good-nature, chemistry sayings, and her ability to "rough it up" in basketball.

ACADEMIC—"The Man From Home"; Orchestra; Junior Vaudeville; Dramatic Society; Pierian, '16; Beck's Orchestra.

A streak of black, a cloud of dust,—it's only Nina and Maurice out for a ride.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

"Gaulie" is seldom seen at spreads and parties, but we welcome him with our heart.





COMMERCIAL.

With "Lew" AUTOMOBILE is the word.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS — "The Man From Home"; "Douglas' Wild Oats"; "Slats"; Dramatic Society; Drum Corps; Fall Festival, '14, '15; Track, '15, '16; Glee Club; Pierian, '16.

"Whit" or "Miss" McGuire is our star actor. Takes the house with any role.

ACADEMIC—"Slats"; Douglas' Wild Oats"; Drum Corps; Yell Leader, '16; Pierian Asst. Editor, '16; Commercial Club; Glee Club; Dramatic Society.

The ladies claim most of "Bob's" time, but, nevertheless, he is some cheer leader and assistant editor-in-chief.

ACADEMIC—Junior Vaudeville.

"Peg's" a wee bit a fun, but Frankly she doesn't show it.

ACADEMIC—"Slats"; "Douglas' Wild Oats"; Pierian, '14, '16; Dramatic Society.

"Nusbaum" stands for "Nut-tree," but somehow reminds us of a "Weed."

ACADEMIC—"The Man From Home"; Junior Vaudeville; Glee Club; Basketball, '15, '16; Track Team, '14, '16.

"Society Cy" is cause for much banter, but he's surely a star at dancing the canter.





ACADEMIC—"Slats"; "Douglas' Wild Oats"; "The Man From Home"; Secretary Dramatic Society, '16; Cynosure, '16; President Glee Club, '16; Wireless Club, '15; Drum Corps; "Roman Wedding."

Another star before the foot-lights. He who takes the part of Romeo with Juliet.

COMMERCIAL—"Slats"; "Betty Wales Girls"; "Man From Home"; "Six Times Nine"; Junior Vaudeville; Basketball; Dramatic Society; Baseball Captain, '14; Pierian, '15, '16; Vice-President G. A. A., '15; Secretary Junior Class, '15; Vice-President Pedestrian Club, '14; Tennis Champion, '15.

"Cutey" will always be remembered by those big brown eyes and her winsome ways.

COMMERCIAL.

It is not good that "Bob" should be alone.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS—"Slats"; "Douglas' Wild Oats"; "The Man From Home"; Editor-in-Chief Pierian, '16; Drum Corps, '14, '15, '16; Band, '14; Cynosure, '14, '15; Glee Club; Basketball.

The well known "Scoop," always on hand with a bit of original literature. The guy that helped put the class of 1916 on the pages of R. H. S. history.

ACADEMIC—Captain of Basketball Team, '16; Pierian, '16; Track, '15, '16.

"Brownie" has specialized in a four year course of basketball and the Science of Heart Breaking. He receives his degree with honors.

ACADEMIC—Dramatic Society.

When it comes to autos, Miriam is rather partial to a Cadillac. No doubt she has her own reasons. Miriam is a good "Parker" too.





INDUSTRIAL ARTS—Basketball, '14-'16; Baseball '15; Track, '13, '14, '15.

"Dodo" is a fervent admirer of the girls with "sunkist" hair.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS—"Rosemary"; Captain Basketball, '13, '14, '15, '16; Captain Baseball, '14; Secretary G. A. A., '14; Treasurer Pedestrian Club, '15; Pierian, '14, '16; Vice-President Junior Class, '15; Cynosure, '15; Sergeant-at-Arms of Dramatic Society.

"Rusty," rough and ready; loyal, true, and steady.

ACADEMIC—"The Man From Home"; Junior Vaudeville, '15; Orchestra; Dramatic Society; Pedestrian Club.

"Over the Hills to Mary," is the favorite song of some of our boys.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS—"Douglas' Wild Oats"; Band, '15.

Borton is a fervent admirer of the fair ones, but he doesn't let them find it out.

ACADEMIC.

Iva used to be quite studious, but now she's otherwise; so we cannot help guessing, something else has claimed her eyes.

ACADEMIC—"Six Times Nine"; "The Man From Home"; Pierian, '16; G. A. A. Scout, '16; Secretary Pedestrian Club, '16.

Mary seems quiet and reserved, but she knows "Howe" to have a good time.





ACADEMIC—Pedestrian Club;
Basketball, '14.

"H" can stand for many things,
Happy Haner, Handsome Haas.

ACADEMIC.

Though Joe has been with us
but a year, he has proved to be
a fine fellow.

COMMERCIAL.

"Seed" has thrown away his
childish ways, and has settled
down for good.

ACADEMIC—Junior Vaudeville,
'15; Dramatic Society; Pedes-
trian Club.

Ruth has again answered the
"Call of the Wild."

ACADEMIC.

Elfreda doesn't make much
noise about it, but she is a loyal
member of our class.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS—Drum
Corps, '14, '15, '16; Pierian, '15,
'16.

John's skill at cartooning and
beating a drum is the best ever.





COMMERCIAL — "Rosemary"; Pierian, '16; Junior Vandeville, '15; Vice-President Board of Control, '15; President Pedestrian Club, '16; Chief G. A. A. Scout, '16; Basketball; Baseball, '14; Dramatic Society; Orchestra.

"Pat" aspires to be a prima donna, but singing is not her only accomplishment.

ACADEMIC.

"Butter" is a member of the Johnson, Johnson Co., loves the ladies, is never seen alone, and always smiling.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS—"Slats"; "Douglas' Wild Oats"; "Man From Home"; Cynosure, '14, '15; Pierian, '16.

The art of flirting has been conquered by "Jimmy," but he met his Waterloo in the Junior Class.

ACADEMIC—Dramatic Society; Baseball; Basketball; Treasurer Pedestrian Club, '16; Treasurer G. A. A., '15; "Betty Wales Girls."

"Germany" is an all around athlete. She furnished the weight desired by the Senior team.

ACADEMIC.

Little, witty, and wise. A lasting friend of those who know her.

ACADEMIC.

It's a gay life if you don't weaken. Mark has the habit of playing imaginary games of pool during class.





COMMERCIAL.

"Bill" and his car are favorites with the fair sex, and an all around sport is he.

COMMERCIAL — "Rosemary"; Junior Vaudeville, '16; Dramatic Society; Basketball; Treasurer G. A. A., '16; Pedestrian Club.

Bessie seems to have a preference for light-haired boys, but they must be six feet tall.

ACADEMIC.

"Cholly's" greatest ambition is to grow old enough to be dignified, but we doubt if she will ever get there.

ACADEMIC—Dramatic Society Librarian; Pierian, '16; Vice-President Commercial Club; Drum Corps.

"Jawn" is quite a favorite with the girls, and is especially known for his "Aviation Whirls."

ACADEMIC—"Spreading the News"; Drum Corps.

"Bill" is the mascot of the Senior class and drum corps. His presence brings us luck.

ACADEMIC—"Douglas' Wild Oats"; Pierian, '16.

Innocence, learning, and fun are a part of Helen's make-up.





INDUSTRIAL ARTS — Track, '15, '16; Basketball, '14, '15.

"Maurie's" ability to converse on any subject is only exceeded by his feet.

COMMERCIAL.

"Doc" is a favorite with the fellows and a friend of the less lucky girls.

COMMERCIAL.

Doris is a quiet girl, also a good basketball player.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

The light of his eyes showeth the joy of his heart.

COMMERCIAL—"Douglas' Wild Oats"; Dramatic Society; Debating Team, '16; Commercial Club.

A socialist and debater of no little renown.
Verlon's principles through our country will soon resound.

COMMERCIAL.

Those who know her say, "A jollier lady never lived."





ACADEMIC.

The haughty little girl with the big blue eyes.

COMMERCIAL.

"Onion" hates to face the class, but he's right there when it comes to getting in on a good joke.

ACADEMIC—"The Man From Home"; Junior Vaudeville; Glee Club, '16; Drum Corps, '15.

Even though "Heinie" does walk with his head in the air he can always see us.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

Hester is little but mighty, as shown by her influence on a certain young man out of school.

ACADEMIC—Pedestrian Club.

"Seen, but seldom heard," Malinda has been a credit to the class.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS—President Wireless Club, '15, '16.

"Less" is the coming Marconi II.





COMMERCIAL.

Hannah's chief worries are, that she won't have her lessons, or won't get there in time.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS—Orchestra; Band.

"Dare-devil" Brownie. The fastest driver in school.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

"Ballie" never lacks friends. He is a jolly good fellow and ever ready for a good time.

COMMERCIAL—Pierian, '15.

"Smithy" is very eccentric in some respects; she prefers "dates" served soon after supper in a large porch swing.

ACADEMIC.

"Van" is always particular about looking her best. The question of "diet" is a big factor, too.

COMMERCIAL.

Our staff photographer, always there with his box.





ACADEMIC.

"Anti-Fat" loves the ladies in general, but no one in particular.

ACADEMIC.

Virginia thinks, "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

INDUSTRIAL ARTS—"Spreading the News"; "Douglas' Wild Oats"; Dramatic Society.

Olive's giggle is far renowned;
And a jollier girl is hard to be found.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

Reid's thoughts in the spring-time seem oft to stray,
But he's only thinking of sweet Williams not far away.

COMMERCIAL — Commercial Club; Cynosure, '15, '16; Pierian, '14, '16; Orchestra.

Rhea is known for his ability as a musician and a debater, his cheery smile, and good word for all he meets.

ACADEMIC—Junior Vaudeville, '15; Dramatic Society; Pierian, '15.

"Fair, fair, with auburn hair."





ACADEMIC.

When his cheeks are touched with scarlet and we catch that sidewise, sheepish glance of his, we know he is with the ladies.

ACADEMIC.

Madelon is jolly and good fun, and "Someone's" dearest friend.

COMMERCIAL — "Suffrage Play"; Baseball Captain; Basketball, '16; Pedestrian Club.

What will R. H. S. do without its stand-by?"

ACADEMIC—Orchestra; Band.

Another believer in variety, and an accomplished one-handed driver.

ACADEMIC—Orchestra.

"Goodie" is a musician in every respect, saying nothing about the curly locks. The orchestra will miss him.

COMMERCIAL.

With a glad heart and a cheerful countenance she passeth among us.





COMMERCIAL.

Believe us, Pauline's time is taken up with some one not in R. H. S.

ACADEMIC.

"Pigeon" is very dignified except when experimenting in the Chemistry Lab. On occasions he has been known to go to church—for funerals.

ACADEMIC.

"The melody of "Home, Sweet Home" has much effect on "Cese." The girls are his only consolation.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

May has gone quietly through school preparing to be a teacher. Here's success to you!

COMMERCIAL.

Gertrude claims our tallest Bob.

COMMERCIAL.

"Dutch" and his Ford may be seen any time passing all the other cars.





Mabel M. Knopf

Logan Keeler

Marie E. Parish

COMMERCIAL.

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

ACADEMIC—Junior Vaudeville, '15; Glee Club, '16.

"Roger Bean" is a star at cracking and composing jokes (?). Also a terrible heart breaker (?)(?)(?).

INDUSTRIAL ARTS—Pierian, '16; Cynosure, '16; Track, '13.

"Reno" has broken everything from his head to his foot—excepting his head. ("There's a reason.") Incidentally, a few records and a heart or two.

ACADEMIC—Dramatic Society.

Mary Edna has been wearing much jewelry here of late, but then—his father is a jeweler, you know.

COMMERCIAL.

Marie always has a smile on her face no matter what the hard luck.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS—Baseball, '15.

We'll never forget that laugh of Emil's that always "came out" at the wrong moment.



Roger J. Giles

Mary Edna McCoy

Emil G. Lewis



ACADEMIC.

"Lee" is a dairyman during his spare hours. His grades in chemistry stand good in his business.

ACADEMIC.

"In the spring, a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love,"
and Ray says it's always spring.

COMMERCIAL—Dramatic Society.

Reid-ing is Mildred's favorite pastime.

COMMERCIAL.

Richmond is O. K., but Marguerite prefers "Hamilton."

ACADEMIC.

Herman, before leaving to take up medics at I. U., conquered Webster's Unabridged.

ACADEMIC.

"Red," alias "Gene," otherwise "Heidelberg," who joined us as a Senior, has many friends. "Heidelberg" stars in Chemistry.





ACADEMIC — "Roman Wedding"; "Slats"; "Douglas' Wild Oats"; Board of Control, '16; President Junior Commercial Club, '16; Drum Crops, '16; Glee Club; Dramatic Society; Pierian, '16.

"Variety is the spice of life."
We all agree with you,
Vaughan. Keep it up.

COMMERCIAL—Yell Leader,
'15, '16.

Many a Senior class has "Bob" joined, but we hope this will be his last.

ACADEMIC — Secretary G. A. A., '15; Pedestrian Club; Dramatic Society.

Behold, thou art fair, yea, and pleasant.

ACADEMIC.

She is quiet, studious, and what is still more strange, dignified.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS — Baseball, '15, '16.

He's made many friends while here these last two years, and as an amateur carpenter he is great.

COMMERCIAL.

"Dud" gets so little sleep at nights he makes up for it in class. Everyone understands.





ACADEMIC—Cynosure, '15, '16;
Orchestra; Basketball, '16.

"Dot" is a "shark" in everything she attempts, but she is very fearful of boys as she considers them "nuisances."

INDUSTRIAL ARTS—"Everyman"; Dramatic Society Secretary, '14.

Paul is good in "Math," but he doesn't seem to work up many dates.

ACADEMIC—Orchestra.

"Stan's" one ambition is never to be baldheaded; hence, the mop of hair.

ACADEMIC.

The ornament of a meek and gentle spirit.

ACADEMIC—"Roman Wedding"; Pedestrian Club.

Frivolous and gay is our Katy; although she says she is afraid of boys, we don't believe it.

ACADEMIC—Orchestra; Pierian, '15.

He that hath knowledge spareth his words.





COMMERCIAL—Orchestra:
Band.

Carl is a musician of high
standing in R. H. S.

ACADEMIC—Junior Vaudeville;
Dramatic Society.

'16's song-bird. In one short
year she has made quite a rec-
ord for herself.

ACADEMIC.

Good clothes and a Ford, or a
tri-weekly date is Agnes' high-
est ambition.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

When it comes to spring po-
etry, "Dad" is right there.

COMMERCIAL.

"Zip" himself is with us, but
his heart is far away.

ACADEMIC.

If I have done well, it is that
which I desire.





ACADEMIC.

The most popular fellow in school.
Remember Cecil by his theatrical
stride, don' cher know.



Fanette

IT WAS a dreary afternoon in November of 1784. The Marquis Duvarney, broken in health and fortune, sat alone in the salon of his splendid chateau, with his six months old son in his arms. The Marquis was a man of about twenty-eight, but with hair as gray and step as feeble as though he were seventy. His wife had died some four months previous. On top of that calamity came his disastrous speculation in the fur trade of Canada. This ill-fated project had left him with nothing but his estates, which in those unsettled times, could not be counted upon to bring much of an income.

The worst of his misfortunes was his quarrel with the King, who in one of his moments of mental disorder, had conceived the idea that the Marquis was involved in some intrigue to deplete the royal funds, which were already exceedingly low. It would, therefore, not have been a very great surprise to him if, at any moment, he had been placed under arrest for this suspected crime, for his losses had amounted to far more than the King had record of his possessions available for taxation. It would, therefore, not have been strange if the King should suspect some fraudulency.

"Will monsieur have dinner brought here?" asked an old servant.

He slowly shook his head in answer. "Wait, Fanette," he said as the old woman was about to leave, "I have something I wish to say, or rather, something I wish you to say. Fanette, you must ask no questions, but promise to do what I ask."

"And what is this promise that m'sie'r would ask of me?"

Without heeding her, he continued, "For more than two hundred years the Duvarneys have governed this province and there has been quiet in this part of France at least. My son there, little Francois Gavroche Duvarney, is the last of his noble line. If that which I fear should happen, Fanette, promise me that you will protect the child from danger. Remember, that if it were not for my influence in the courts, your head would have been claimed by the guillotine long ago."

"Yes, in a thousand ways you have been my benefactor, and I swear to you I will protect the child even if it cost me my life. I shall never forget your——"

She was interrupted by the sound of many voices without. Going to the window, Fanette cried in alarm, "Why, m'sie'r, it's soldiers!"

"Soldiers," he repeated mechanically. "Fanette," he said suddenly, "in that desk you will find sufficient funds to keep you and the child."

A traveler in that part of France, soon after, would not have failed to see upon passing the chateau, a little sign on the massive gates, which read:

"Be it known that this and all other properties belonging to the Marquis Duvarney are now confiscated by the order of his Royal Highness, Louis XVI."

* * * * *

In that troubled year of 1792, one would have found in a dingy room at the top of an old house in the Rue de l'Homme Armé a woman and a child of perhaps eight. The woman was not one of those Parisian beauties one so often reads of, but a vile and hideous old hag. Her clothes were little better than rags falling apart with age and filth. Her movements were like those of a hunted animal made desperate by hunger.

The child sat huddled in a corner, terrified at her violent invectives.

"But I tell you I tried hard, so very hard, but no one would give me even a sou. Don't beat me, Fanette," he pleaded as she started toward him with a fagot in her hand.

"Well, get out and beg again," screamed the old woman, "and mind you come not back empty-handed."

"But why must I always be begging? You used to say my father left money for us."

"Left money!" cried the old woman in a new tirade. "Do you think six hundred louis will last forever with bread at a pistole a loaf, and my having to keep you with all your extravagant ways all these years? Go back into the streets and beg, steal, or what you will, but come not back empty-handed."

In the eventful afternoon of June 13, 1792, that Gavroche had been sent for the second time into the streets to beg, a great crowd had gathered in front of the Hotel des Invalides. An angry mob was applauding a vicious and blood-thirsty orator. Gavroche, upon joining the throng, was told that Necker, the champion of the people's cause, had been dismissed from the ministry and that the King had control of affairs. Excitement was high, and for fear of a possible riot that night, the troops had been ordered to see that all lights were out at nine.

On the fourteenth, by royal order, all persons were commanded to remain indoors. Fanette, who had now become terrified by the danger of its being found out that she was keeping a child of noble birth, remained with him in their garret, panic-stricken.

During the next few days, Fanette had much time to consider whether she should save her own life or remain true to her promise. Upon coming to Paris, nine years previous, Fanette, bewildered by the great city and her seemingly large fortune of six hundred louis, had fallen into bad company. Soon, unable to obtain work, and facing starvation, she was easily influenced into a life of vice and crime. Now the time had come for her to decide her own destiny. She quailed at the thought of what might happen if she should try to save the child. During these years her treatment of the boy had varied with her mood, but never had she harbored the thought of abandoning him. Finally, after a hard struggle with herself, she decided that no matter what happened she would be loyal to her benefactor.

On June twentieth a violent mob, armed with pikes and cutlasses, appeared before a meeting of the assembly and threatened the life of the King if he did not disarm the guard within twenty-four hours. By July fifth, the assembly had taken all power away from the King, declaring "the country in danger and of necessity under Parliamentary rule."

This act was but a signal for riot, and on July twelfth a hissing, howling, bellowing mob stormed the Bastille.

In a lonely cell, high up in one of the towers of this prison, a man lay ill on a dirty pallet. Many a weary year had the poor fellow been confined there. The mob stopped before this cell, paused a moment, then dragged their victim out into the narrow hall with cries of "Vive la Marquis," at the same time placing a tri-colored cap of the Jacobins on his head.

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This sudden turn of affairs at first dazed and stupified the man; then, in a frenzy of terror, he tore the cap from his head, yelling like a madman and repeatedly calling for his son.

"Yes," cried an angry voice, "where is your son?"

"I know not," moaned the unhappy prisoner. "Find Fanette Desmoulins—she will know—find Fanette!"

The mob, not understanding his bewildered condition, mistook the incident of the cap for a sign of enmity and, without any warning, some one rashly killed Duvarney.

The mob, having done all the damage possible in the vicinity of the Bastille, moved to other parts of the town, leaving death and destruction in its wake. Two hours later it swarmed into the Rue de l' Homme Armé and demanded of Fanette the young Duvarney. In vain did she protest against any one's entering her room, insisting the while that she knew of no Duvarney and that she lived alone with her grandson.

As the mob broke into the room, Fanette gave up all hope of freedom, but she still insisted that Gavroche was her grandson. One of the foremost men advanced closer and asked, "Boy, what is your name?"

Gavroche, not comprehending the danger, answered, "Francois Gavroche Duvarney."

"The boy's crazy," screamed Fanette. "His name is Pierre Desmoulins. I tell you he is my grandson."

"No, I'm not," cried the frightened boy. "She's only my old nurse, and very mean she has been to me, too."

At this, there was a great uproar. Fanette and Gavroche were placed under arrest, and hurried to prison. There they were held many long months awaiting trial.

By November, France was in the complete control of the Jacobins. Paris was the scene of awful chaos. On December eleventh, Louis was brought to trial, found guilty and sentenced to die. All persons of good standing that could possibly do so had by this time fled to England. January 21, 1793, the day Louis XVI was executed, brought scenes worse than had yet been seen. All Paris witnessed that gruesome sight and all the world was told by the firing of cannon that France was without a king. All day the guillotine ran, until even the worst of that motley crowd could not stand the sight of blood or the falling of that fatal blade.

Gavroche, who for some weeks had been ill of a fever, died a few days later, cheating his captors out of the joy of seeing his head fall in the public square. Fanette did not fare so well as her young charge. In her trial the following September, she was found guilty of fostering a noble and thereby endangering the commonwealth.

On October 16, 1793, a few hours after Marie Antoinette had so bravely met her death, Fanette, struggling and screaming, cursing the while her captors, half-crazed by fear and hate, was claimed at last by that ghastly device of destruction—la guillotine.

JOHN MILLER, '16.

Our Beloved Teachers

WHO is it keeps the library,
And makes life seem all but merry,
And taps her pencil with a knock,
And says, "Five nights till four o'clock"?

Who is it sits in fifty-nine,
And gives us tests most all the time,
And keeps us at it till the last;
And her rebukes come thick and fast?

Who is it reigns in thirty-five,
And teaches English with a drive;
And sends us from the third floor hall,
As if she owned the world and all?

Who is it sits in thirty-one,
And with him we have lots of fun?
His stories make us laugh and scream:
He also drills the debating team.

Who is it sits in thirty-nine,
Gives long lessons most all the time?
When we our lessons fail to get,
Says, "You are sure to flunk, you bet"?

Who is it rules room forty-four,
And warns us daily o'er and o'er,
When we are reading Cicero,
Our minds all wander to and fro?

Who is it has his head all bare,
And does not have to comb his hair?
But anyhow he's a good old scout,
And liked by all both in and out.

Betty Lou's Ambition

BY MILDRED NUSBAUM, '17.

"OH, ISN'T she a dear! And hasn't she got the cunnin'est little nose? And oh, those dreamy, dreamy eyes!" Elizabeth Louise rocked to and fro in blissful meditation of the joys of filmland. "Oh, just to be a movin' picture actress! Wouldn't it be grand?" She trembled with ecstasy at the very thought of such a thing.

Little eleven-year-old Elizabeth Louise, known as Betty Lou by everyone from the minister down, always was considered a bit wild. Her ideas were too daring for the conservative folk of Sheldonville. Her mother strictly disapproved of all little girls who were not prim and stiffly-starched, and Daddy Ferguson, fat and fifty and good-natured, always let mother have her way. Hence, all such literature as "movie dope" was positively prohibited, and Betty Lou was forced to indulge in her youthful raptures alone.

"Betty! Oh, Betty Lou—oo—ooh! Supper!" Betty Lou jammed "Filmland Favorites" into her upper bureau drawer, and descended to the dining-room, where the family were waiting. She preserved a discreet silence all through supper. As she was turning to leave, she hesitated a moment.

"H—m, Mother?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Er—how much does it cost to go 'way on the train?"

"Well, that depends upon where you wish to go. What were you thinking of, my dear?"

"Oh, nothin', Mother, nothin'! But—how—that is—er—does it cost much to go to New York?"

"New York? Why, certainly it does, dollars and dollars. Don't get any notion like that into your head, Betty Lou. You won't get to go there for a while yet."

Betty Lou tramped slowly up to her room again. An idea was forming in her brain. She took down her little bank from the top shelf of the cupboard, and counted the contents slowly. Six dollars and forty-three cents! Whew! That ought to go a long way, in Betty Lou's estimation. She drew "Filmland Favorites" from the bureau drawer, deposited herself in the big chair, and was soon building air-castles at a rapid rate of speed.

"If you think you have talent and would like to make sure of it, call at Triangle Studio, 3476 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. You may be able to secure a position at a high salary. Enormous wages are paid for good actors and actresses. Come and let us take a look at you."

"Oooh!"—Betty Lou sighed with rapture. "I'll do it!" she said with sudden determination. "I know I've got talent, 'cause wasn't I in the Sunday-school entertainment and the missionary play both? 'Course I have!" She rushed down the stairs two steps at a time.

"Mother!" she called, "C'n I go over to Jimmy Bradley's a little while? Just a teeny while, Mother?"

"Well, a half hour, perhaps; no longer, remember," answered the mother.

Betty Lou sped with lightning swiftness toward the house three doors away, and rapped vigorously upon the door. Jimmy, Betty Lou's friend and co-worker, was eating supper, but he stuffed half a potato and a pickle into his mouth and ran to the door.

"Oh, Jimmy!" shrieked Betty Lou, "C'mon out here somewhere! I got somethin' awful important to tell you."

Jimmy followed, meekly as a lamb, whereupon Betty Lou unfolded her scheme.

"Just think, Jimmy," she finished, "you and me'll be picture actors, and get awful rich, and then get married. Won't that be elegant?"

But Jimmy refused to be persuaded that such a thing was possible. He insisted that it was all "baby stuff," but, finally convinced by Betty Lou's forcible logic that it was better for the family, he yielded, and they planned the deed. Tomorrow was Saturday. That would be fine. They could sneak away while Mother was at the grocery, and Daddy was at work, for, of course, Betty Lou's mother would go to the grocery on Saturday morning. They would travel on Betty's Lou's money, and what little Jimmy had, and Betty Lou would leave a note telling them not to be worried—and then—but Betty Lou was too happy to think of anything more.

* * * * *

Betty Lou opened her eyes and then sat up. Six o'clock! Mother was still asleep so she would have time to pack her suit case. She slipped out of bed, dressed, and proceeded to gather up her most precious treasures, and put them in the old leather suit case. After breakfast she wandered about in a state of nervous suspense. Would Mother never leave? At length the moment came. Mother put on her garden hat, took her basket, and went off down the street.

Like a flash, Betty Lou rushed for her suit case, slipped on her hat and coat, and with her precious money in her hand, sallied forth with the excited Jimmy.

When they reached the station, a train was just pulling in.

"C'mon, Jimmy, this'n goes to New York, I guess," said Betty Lou, eager to act while her courage lasted. They clambered up the steps in the wake of a pale, nervous gentleman, with spectacles, whom the conductor evidently took for their father, and settled down in one of the seats.

"Ain't this swell, Jimmy?" asked Betty Lou, examining the plush-covered seats. "When we get married, I bet I have chairs all like this."

Alas! All good things must end at last, and the children's Paradise was short-lived. As the train was pulling into the next station, the conductor came to them and told them, kindly but firmly, that they must get off here and wait for their parents, who would come for them. A wire had been received, he explained, which had asked him to do this, if the children were on the train. In vain Betty Lou stormed and raged. The conductor was firm. They *must* go.

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It was a very sober and crestfallen Betty Lou who, a short time later, climbed into the carriage behind Daddy Ferguson. Jimmy seemed to take the whole affair as a joke, but Betty Lou said nothing at all, and sniffed audibly at intervals.

When they arrived home, Mrs. Ferguson was in a state of collapse from the nervous strain. Very soberly Betty Lou took off her hat and climbed the stairs to her room. There on the bureau lay "Filmland Favorites" just as she had left it. Slowly she picked it up. "If you think you have talent, and would like to make sure of it, call at 3476 West Forty-sixth Street—New York——'" Betty Lou could read no more. Slamming the book into the waste basket, she sat down and began drawing off her shoes.

"Guess I'm better off here, anyhow," she murmured. "If I was gone there wouldn't be anyone here to feed the cat. Guess I'll stay——yes, I guess I'll stay——."



A Fool with Another Man's Money

BY ROBERT LONGMAN, '17.

“WHAT are you dreaming about, Jim? You have been staring into space and making faces for half an hour now.”

Jim and his companion sat by a water tank waiting for the next freight.

Jim came back to earth with a shrug of his shoulders, “I was thinking of the time when I was a rich man.”

“You know you never had any money,” said Joe.

“Yes, I did. If you will be quiet, I will tell you about it,” said Jim. He told the following story:

“About five years ago, I was riding on the back platform of a street-car. The conductor somehow thought I was the owner of a suit-case that was sitting there. He told me to get it away from there or he would put me and the suit-case off. After some heated argument, he threw me off. I decided to keep that suit-case so I took it to my room. After a while I got it open and what do you suppose it contained?”

“Search me,” said Joe.

“Well, it was full of bundles of one dollar bills, which I counted. There were twenty thousand dollars. I began to figure immediately how I was going to spend it. I was going to get a large automobile and was going to travel all over the world.

“The next morning when I bought a paper the first thing I saw was where a man was being chased by the police for making counterfeit money. It said the man had a whole suit-case full of it. Imagine the rapidity with which my air-castles faded away. In my disheartened condition, I told a friend about it. He examined it and said he might be able to pass it if I would give him half of the real money. I consented and was made treasurer until he disposed of the money, which he got rid of in a few days.

“On the day that we were to divide, I met a friend who asked me if I knew Dick R—. I said, yes, I did and that I was in a business deal with him. My friend said Dick had left the country with about twenty thousand dollars. At the same time, he asked me to let him see the money Dick had given to me. After examining it, he told me it was counterfeit. Then he told me the money I had had in the first place was real money that had been stolen from a bank in the east. He said Dick had given me a lot of counterfeit money for it.

“You can imagine how I felt, and I was just thinking of it when you asked me what I was dreaming about.”

A Trip Thru Hades

BY CLAUDE MILLER, '19.

I WAS watching the chickens which we always let out of their pen from about four o'clock to supper time. I was sitting on the back steps, drowsy-like, when I was accosted by a strange man.

"Good afternoon, sir," I answered.

"I see you are well occupied," said he.

"Yes, sir," said I, wondering why this stranger had stopped to speak to me at this time in the day.

He was a tall, lanky, dark complexioned fellow with monstrous big feet. He said his name was Bill Watt before he acquired such fame as he now possessed by being recognized as the King of the Art of Magic. He now was known by the name of Moca.

This amazed me very much, for this was a thing I was most interested in. Soon I was asking him many questions, one of which was a request for him to take me to a place where I could meet the most of my old friends of the class of 1916. Well, I no sooner asked than I was on my way.

I was lifted up into the air and the trip was something like that of Dante, only he was chased and I was not.

Over water and mountains we swept until at last we descended to the ground.

"This is Avernus," said Moca, and I scarcely got my breath before I was led through a large opening in the side of one of the mountains.

Cerberus was asleep on his job. Moca said that he was under his power. Old Cerberus was snoring too, sounded like Dud Thomas, and Moca said it really was.

We then passed through a long tunnel full of shadows and mysterious ghosts.

Then we passed the Acheron river which was as black as my hat and almost twice as swift as the Whitewater.

Mills Judy ran a first class ferry across the river. The name of the boat he used was "The Wild Rover."

When we reached the other side, we walked up the hill to Pluto's throne. I looked at him and behold!—it was Bob Johnson.

Today was surely one of his busy days for just ahead of us stood Mercury with a bunch of new-comers. Pluto's three judges, Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Aeacus were there, and Moca told me that their names before they were appointed to their present positions were: Clarion Good, Joe Maag, and Reid Jordan. Miriam Kelly was by Pluto's side. She was the blindfolded Goddess of Justice. The bad ones were sent past me on their way to the Furies, and the few good ones went to the right to the Elysian Fields. Emil Lewis, Lester Crome, Gordon Borton, Earl Daffler, Bob Weed, Elizabeth Bates, and Lucile

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Bowman went past me, while I noticed only Charlotte Rogers and Myron Hill go to the right, and I don't believe that that was where they were sent.

Proserpina turned her head toward me and I recognized her as Carolyn Bradley.

Pluto then came over to us, shook hands with Moca and was introduced to me. He said he would show me around a bit as soon as he saw what the overseer of Tartarus wanted with him.

The overseer came up to us and said, "Boss, we're out of coal. Where will I get some?"

"Better order it of Bullerick's, about twenty-seven hundred tons, and make Ralph Nicholson and Lawrence Chrow shovel all of it for being so lazy." He said that his overseer was Whit McGuire. "He's the most helpful devil down here. Logan Keelor tried to make me believe that he was better than Whit, but he's not, so I ordered him to be put on the shoveling gang again."

King Pluto next took us through the Gate of Tartarus, and there I saw twenty girls of the class of '16, who were doomed to fill a bottomless cask with tears for having jilted their lovers while on earth. Gertrude McPherson was not among the number, neither was Gertrude Dietrick, but the ones I remember were Mabel Loehr, Kate Daub, Glenna Kamp, Esther Jones and a few more of that bunch.

Stanley Gehr had to push a dunny that would bounce back and knock him down. This was punishment for shoving little boys into lockers when he was at school.

Mercury stepped up to give Pluto a message. It was Elmer Colvin. I'll bet he got references from Miss Fox.

Verlon Ballinger was doomed to keep quiet for three hours every day. He got this punishment for trying to start a government-owned Fire Department.

Happy Ward was there looking natural with a pitchfork and horns.

Scoop Rogers was tied to a wheel of fire for not working hard enough on the Pierian. He said the temperature did not agree with his health.

Jim Eaton was there for taking a Sophomore girl to the Junior-Senior Party.

Now we returned and went into the Elysian Fields. Of course, we had to pass the Fates whom I recognized as Helen Fox, Virginia Jones, and Marie Parish.

The first ones I recognized on the other side were Vaughan Chamness and Helen Ball playing tennis. (Editor's Note—The writer of this story didn't know that he was behind times about this little case.)

Caroline Smith was posing for John King, who was drawing a picture of her entitled, "The Last Rose of R. H. S."

Juliet Nusbaum, Bob Smith, Mary Iliff, and Bob Phillips were dancing the "Dish Rag Swat."

We stepped into the Hero Department and there was Dodo Meranda completely surrounded by red-headed actresses. Cy, Brownie, and Nap were there seemingly enjoying themselves.

Naturally, Porter had to do something mischievous; he stuck a pin nearly through my hand—

Just then I awoke and a fool chicken had just picked my hand so hard, it bled, and I had to tie it up with my handkerchief.

The worst of it is, I didn't even have a chance to thank Moca.

The Storm

THE wind is whistling weirdly through the trees,
And loudly rattling every window pane,
The trees bend low beneath the powerful breeze,
The violent foreboding of the rain.
A flash of lightning darts across the skies,
And for an instant all with light enshrouds,
Then all the great out-doors in darkness lies,
And down the great storm pours from bursting clouds.
A peal of thunder with a mighty sound
Breaks forth, as if the heavens, in a wrath,
Had hurled a mighty bomb upon the ground,
Destroying all that lies along its path.
But those within their homes let storms rage on,
And peacefully await the approaching dawn.

M. MADALYN RANDALL, '17.



There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone;
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone.

There are letters of accent,
There are letters of tone;
But the best of all letters
Is to let her alone.

The Ideal R. H. S. Boy The Ideal R. H. S. Girl

Manly as Harold Long.
 Spirited as Myron Hill.
 Frank as Harold Krick.
 Dignified as Julius Tietz.
 Courteous as Lawrence Compton.
 Strong as William Weed.
 Persistent as Cecil Steely.
 Tactful as Lawrence Chow.
 Generous as Robert Johnson.
 Sensible as Harold Norris.
 Good-natured as Ray Jordan.
 Industrious as Herschel Thomas.
 Independent as Whitney McGuire.
 Enthusiastic as Howard Ball.
 Steady as Ralph Rogers.
 Faithful as Clarence Porter.
 Quiet as William Keys.
 Optimistic as John Miller.
 Accommodating as Russell Parker.

Bashful as Mabel Shaver.
 Spirited as Irene Price.
 Dignified as Phyllis Butler.
 Coquettish as Virginia Jones.
 Persistent as Margaret Beasley.
 Sensible as Elizabeth Kennepohl.
 Good-natured as Addie Dean.
 Industrious as Dorothy Clark.
 Enthusiastic as Edna McCoy.
 Steady as Miriam Kelly.
 Faithful as Lucile Bowman.
 Quiet as Mildred Hartman.
 Optimistic as Esther Jones.
 Graceful as Cecil Robinson.

(Yes, I don't think.)

Our Books and Magazines

"The Price of Love".....Cecil Steely
 "Eyes of the World".....Carolyn Bradley
 "Our White Sister".....Miss King
 "Married Life".....Ray and Gertrude
 "The 'Deer' Slayer".....Cy Pitts
 "Freckles".....Clarence Coyle
 "The Ladies' World".....Room 5
 "The Designer".....John King
 "Polar Regions".....The Office
 "The Cynosure".....Helen Geers
 "Puck".....Hobo Norris
 "The Ladies' Home Companion" . John Miller
 "The Cosmopolitan".....Ralph Nicholson

Duty Versus Friendship

BY HAROLD NORRIS, '17.

THERE is nothing much more interesting than to listen to a soldier of the Civil War tell of his experiences, of a long march, a midnight attack, a position in battle or of a single detail duty to which all soldiers were subject.

Once upon a time in the progress of the war a "blue" was detailed to capture "dead or alive" a Confederate, who had escaped from a federal guard-house and had fled farther north, and there, he was robbing, looting and killing everything pertaining to the North. The commander of the Federal division had received a notice requesting him to stop the ravages of the Rebel, and, believing himself short of men for an expected attack, he had ordered Al Reid, one of his most able corporals, not to report until he had done something to stop the raider.

When Al Reid received those orders, he knew what he was up against. The Rebel, whose name he did not know, had killed a posse of six armed residents from the town of Warfield single handed. He did not want to go—not because he was a coward, but because he liked to be with the other boys that he knew; but all that he said was that duty was duty, and he left one hour after receiving orders.

He stole rides on trains, where trains ran his way, rode with the farmers that passed along the road, and walked till he arrived at the town where the bandit had last been reported. Here he found, to his surprise, everything calm and still, and he began to think that his trip was all a "wild goose chase," but he remembered the Colonel's words, "something to stop the raider."

He found a cheap boarding house in the town where he decided to locate himself until he heard further news. He discarded his "blues" for an old suit of clothes, and resolved to live as a "gentleman" for a while at least. He always kept his pistol buckled around him, for it was a town made up of a great many miners, and he expected to find the bandit, if he ever would, amongst the miners. He was not surprised in learning that the bandit had been in town for provisions, but the raider never started anything and no one cared to molest him.

"He wears a pair of cowboy chaps, a white leather cartridge belt, and a pearl-handled revolver, the only one known around these parts," said one of the miners, and that was all that he could learn.

Two weeks after his coming to the town, he strolled to the outskirts, and noticing the rapid approach of a storm he dropped into a nearby saloon and pool-room. It was crowded, and everyone looked alike, dirty clothes, large hats, and that wild look that a man with several weeks' growth of beard is noted for. He watched the miners play cards and drink liquor until an exclamation of a fine shot at pool caused him to look at the one who made the shot. The man's back was turned, but there was a white cartridge belt strapped around him.

THE PIERIAN

His heart beat rapidly when he realized his man was in his reach. His first impulse was to pull his revolver and shoot him down while his back was turned, but he knew the miners would avenge a cowardly act like that, so he waited. When he changed his position and again looked up at the bandit, the fellow was looking straight at him, and he recognized in the bandit his old college room-mate, Cal Hale, his best friend until the war started, and then when Cal had left for his home state, Virginia, they had resolved to be friends forever. At college they chummed together and were called by all "Cal and Al, who are two pals."

But Cal did not recognize Al Reid, although he knew that the man before him was no miner. The bushy eyebrows, the long and unkempt mustache were too much for the lounging eye of Hale to penetrate. Reid noticed a mirror at the side of the pool-room and he resolved to watch his quarry by that means, but as Hale reached over to shoot a ball in a pocket, his eye accidentally looked into the looking glass, straight into the eyes of Reid. The large eyes of Reid flashing with excitement told Hale he had better clear out. He made a hasty shot, and turning and giving Reid one glance, he cast his eyes on the pool table and backed slowly toward the door, acting as if nothing had happened. Hale watched his chance and when Reid went to step out of a passer-by's way he darted out the door.

Reid followed close behind and upon reaching the center of the street, he saw Hale some fifty yards before him running with the same swiftness that had made him famous in college. He would have had an easy shot to get Hale then, but above all the excitement came a reflection of the friends he and Hale had been, and that possibly in after years they could still be friends. With a swift jerk he brought his revolver from the holster and aimed as if to fire. But he didn't fire. He resolved to let Hale escape, but no sooner had he done so than the words came up before him "not report until you have—" and he again took up the pursuit to kill his best friend.

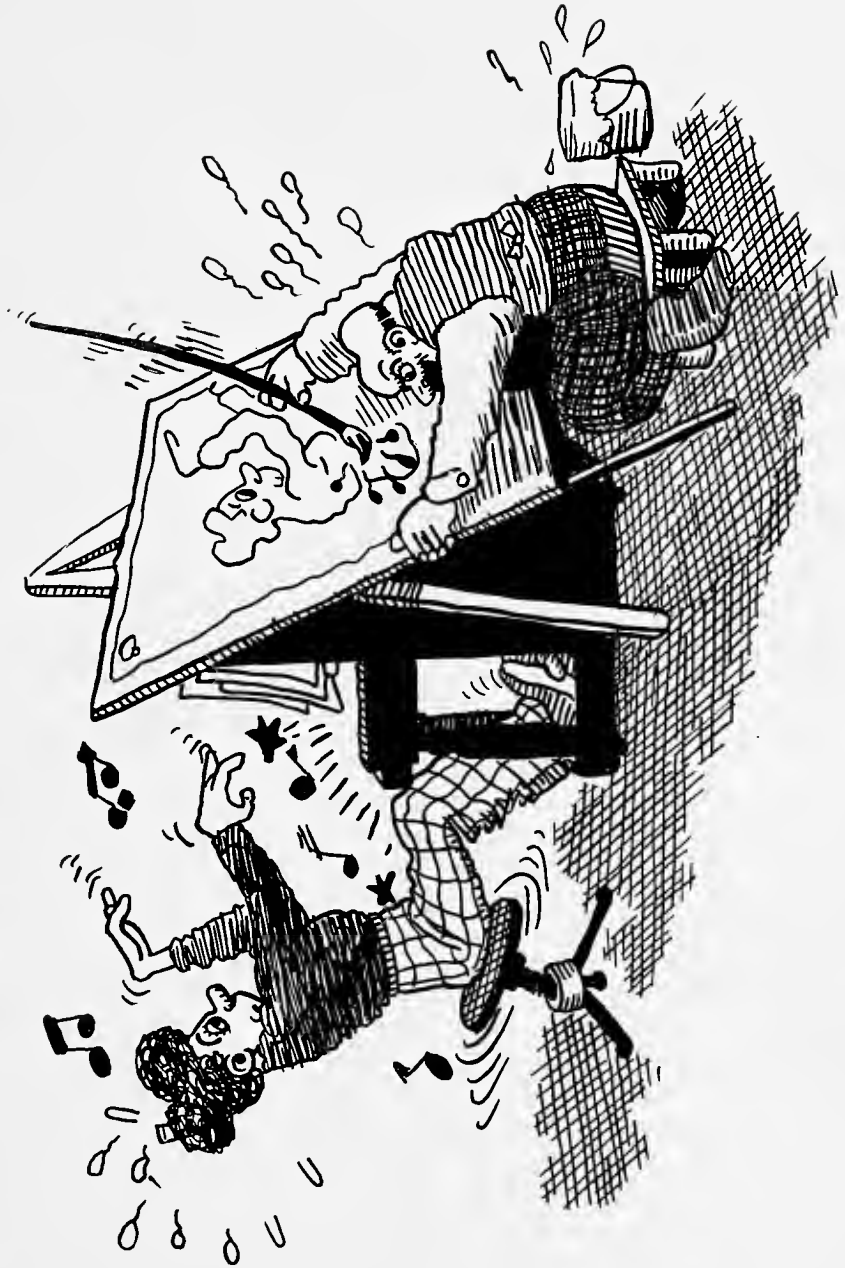
It was not long until he could see that Hale's intention was to reach the fast freight train that was just leaving the station. Reid turned and ran to a place north of the station where he knew the train would have to pass and trusted to Good Fortune for the chance he had in mind.

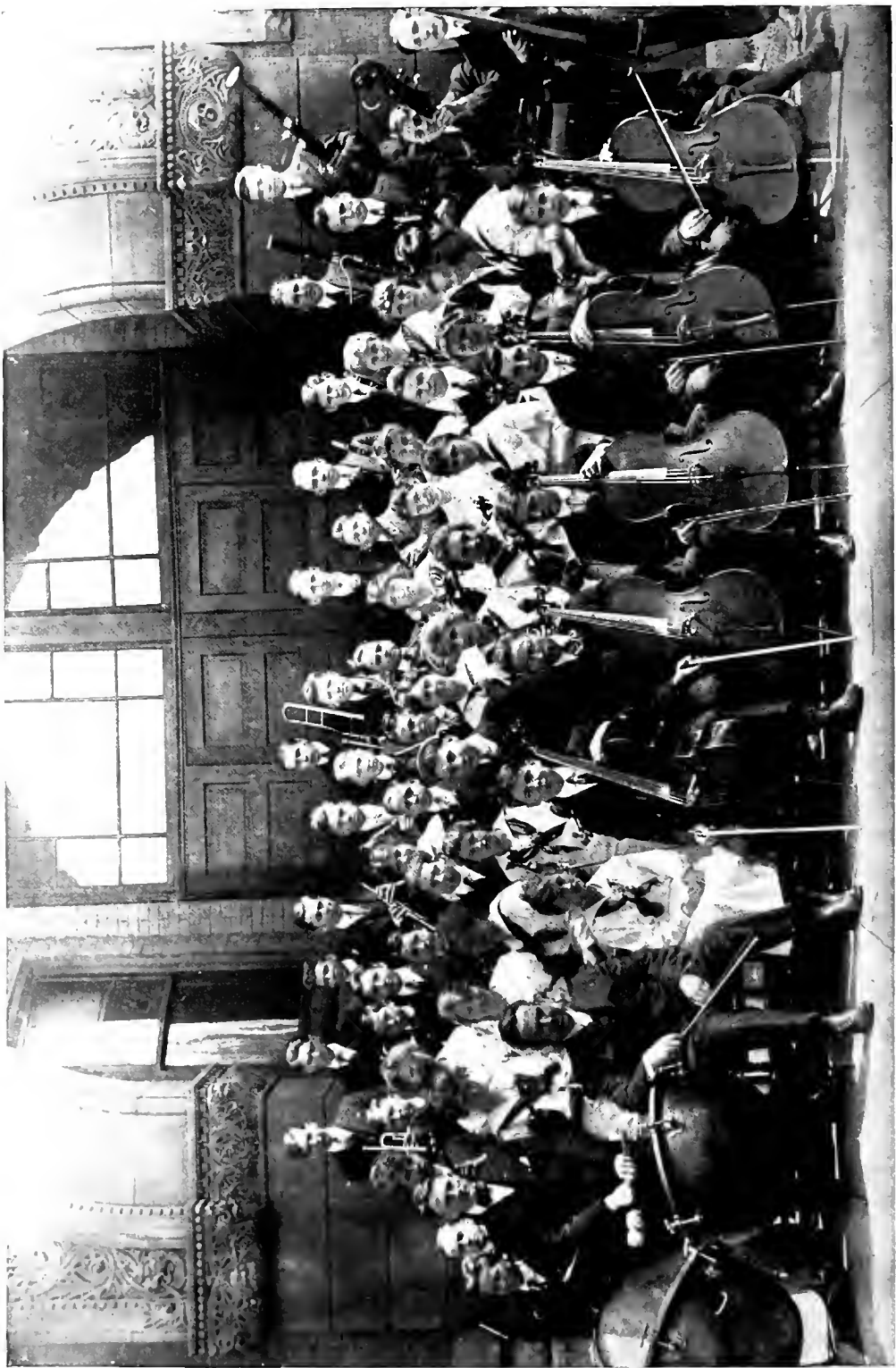
It came—for in twenty seconds as the train was passing the place where Reid was concealed behind a tree, a man with a white cartridge belt, without pistol, stepped to the open door of a freight car, a revolver held by the Northern man thundered, and a freight train drew out of sight with a wounded Confederate soldier. Reid realized now why Hale had fled, it was because he was without the pearl-handled revolver.

The Federal soldier walked slowly back to the boarding-house, changed clothes, and in a period of two or three days arrived at his regimental headquarters tired, sad, and exhausted. He reported to the Colonel and received the reward of "Good, I'm glad you got him," the best known reward for a duty of a detailed soldier.

Three months passed and Reid had almost given up hearing anything more about Hale, when, on a foraging trip, he found an old newspaper which contained an article that told of the finding of the lifeless body of apparently a cowboy in a box-car on a siding near the freight depot, with a white leather cartridge belt buckled around him, and he realized that duty had cost him a friend.

MUSIC AND ART





Instrumentation of Orchestra

RALPH C. SLOANE, *Director*

NINA SHERA, *Secretary*

MAURICE WOODHURST, *Librarian.*

First Violins—

Dale Owens, C. M.
Inez Hough
Helen Rethmeyer
Miriam Hadley
Neva Bowman
Emnia Fetta
Rhea Swisher
Elizabeth Chrisman
Benjamin Harris
Mary Parks
Noel Deem
Florence McMahan
Mildred Hartman
Nina Shera
Corine Nusbaum
Caroline Smith

Violas—

Clara Getz
Benjamin Howes

Bass—

Mark Heitbrink

Clarinets—

Roy Campbell
William Keys
William Lebo
Carl Shaffer

Oboes—

Clarion Good
Markley Lahrman

Flutes—

Robert Roland
James Howard

Bassoons—

Stanley Gehr
Francis Nicholson

Second Violins—

Byron Wilson
Ruth Foulke
June Gayle
Alice Goodwin
Mozelle Hunter
Roland Keys
Richard Mansfield
Claude Miller
Kenneth Shaffer
Mildred Stevens
Dorothy Heironimus
Stella Knode

Cellos—

Maurice Woodhurst
Henry Beck
Roland Koehring
Elbert Rees

Cornets—

Sterling Reid
Robert Longman
Ralph Brown
Howard Monger

French Horns—

Benjamin Rost
Ralph Lamb

Trombone—

William Wilson

Tympani—

Harold Williams

Drums—

Frederick Van Allen
Lowell Patti

Piano—

Helen Hadley

The Orchestra

THE Richmond High School Orchestra, founded seventeen years ago by Mr. Will Earhart, is an organization in the school in which a great deal of interest is shown. Starting as an experiment in 1899, it has grown to an orchestra of sixty-eight pieces. Progressing steadily every year, it has attained a standard which is not excelled in the state and even the United States. This year the orchestra has undoubtedly reached its highest standard, having completed some of the heavier overtures, such as "Raymond," "Carmen," and many selections from the standard operas.

During the past year it has been a feature of the chapel exercises and has given several concerts for the student body. Two concerts were also given for the public and both were highly appreciated.

Under the director, Ralph C. Sloane, the orchestra has been able to complete arrangements for a third appearance at Eaton, Ohio, on April 28, 1916. There have also been plans made for a trip to Cincinnati under the direction of the Boys' Athletic Association of the Cincinnati Schools. This trip will probably be made sometime next fall. The outlook for a second trip to the Indianapolis Teachers' Association is also very bright.

DALE OWENS, '17.



The Rooters' Band

LAST year was the first time the Richmond High School ever had a Rooters' Band. At the beginning of the basketball season, a few boys who played instruments thought it would be fine, both for their own enjoyment and to help the team also, to add a band to the R. N. A. This was done and added a great deal of enthusiasm to the games. The band played at most of the important games during the year up to the tournament. For some unknown reason the newly-formed spirit-rousing body did not appear at this series of games that ended the season.

After school had gained headway last fall, and the basketball players had started training, it was thought throughout the school that the R. N. A. would not be complete until a band was organized. So the 1916 band was started.

A meeting was held in Mr. Gillespie's room for the purpose of re-organizing and electing officers. The ones elected to offices of rank were: Robert Dickinson, Director; Mr. Gillespie, Manager; Byron Wilson, Librarian; and Paul Hayward, Wilbur Dickinson and Byron Wilson, Membership Committee. The band was to practice every Friday after school.

Now we had the band but no music. Mr. Gillespie overcame the difficulty by advancing the necessary sum with which to purchase some popular pieces. A little later in the year more marches and waltzes were bought.

Harmonious discords were heard issuing from this body at all the home games and when the tournament was on in full sway the piercing sound of the R. H. S. Rooters' Band could be heard urging the B. B. boys on.

Cornets—

Sterling Reid
Byron Wilson
Paul Hayward
Howard Monger
Lester Crome

Tuba—

Professor Gillespie

Clarinets—

Roy Campbell
Willard Lebo
Carl Shaffer

Flutes—

Robert Roland
James Howard

Baritones—

Raymond Burgess
Professor Vickery

Trombones—

Professor Kelly
William Wilson

Horns—

Wilbur Dickinson
Robert Dickinson

Drums—

Harold Williams
Ralph Campbell
Orville Platt



The High School Drum Corps

By MILLS JUDY

GREEN of the deepest hue made its appearance at R. H. S. on a clear day in September, 1912. Other colors were more beautiful to us, I remember, but the upper classmen thought differently.

With time the green faded and proved to be of a cheap, unstable variety. In the year 1915, when our thought first became organized, we bloomed forth in a rich orange and black, which has lived to this day and will remain on the pages of R. H. S. history.

January 29 a new member of the R. N. A. made its appearance, the first class drum corps in R. H. S. Its members were decorated with orange and black hats. Those not furnished with drums were armed with dish pans and cheese boxes.

Although organization was inefficient, we more than qualified as members of the Richmond Noise Association.

By the time the first year had elapsed, we had performed our duties at the first district basketball tourney held in Richmond, where we appeared in dress parade. At this final assembly school colors (red and white) were used. Red coats decorated with a white '16 on the back, and white trousers made up our so-called dress parade.

The year of 1916 began. The same organization under the same name appeared. Our motto became, "More noise and more spirit." In our attempt to carry out such a motto not only the loudness of our drums became more conspicuous but our uniforms also.

Now, the last year of our existence is about to close. During this time we have not only made it a point to be present at the games and beat for Richmond but also to help Richmond beat. During our services at the front our drums have become badly bent, torn and patched. And in conclusion, a final assembly and review was held at the Sixth District Basketball Tournament March 10 and 11.

Our year will close with the honorary discharge of all the members.

Members enrolled are: Mills Judy, commandant; John King, first drummer; William Weed, Ralph Nicholson, Nile Patti, Robert Weed, John Miller, Whitney McGuire, Ray Dalbey, Ralph Rogers, first bass; Robert Johnson, second bass; Vaughn Chamness, doctor and surgeon.

Members who enlisted and fell during our first year's campaign were: Robert Smith, Henry Deuker, Ivan J. Gardener.



The Glee Club

President—ROBERT WEED

Secretary and Treasurer—CLARENCE PORTER

Director—MR. SLOANE

Manager—WILBUR MORREL

But once, in this eventful year,
Their charming voices did we hear
Singing in the morning chapel.
No more, no less. Just once, that's all,
The noises sounded through the hall
Singing a ditty 'bout "an apple."

YES, just a beginning, but a good one. Under difficulties, a warbling club for boys has been started and organized in our halls of fame. Late last term these Merry Men of Melodious Music Makers were organized in the hope of building up in future years, a club of high standing among other High School Glee Clubs.

The club practised each Tuesday afternoon under the partial direction of Mr. Sloane. A short concert was given in chapel to show the progress of the club. This was in January. Work was then started on a popular concert. Great interest was taken from the outset. Lawrence Chrow directed the club in this undertaking. Ragtime and popular music made a big hit with the fellows, but—the tournament time drew near, turning everyone's attention toward basketball. The date for the popular concert was forfeited on account of conflicts with tourney dates.

The season of 1915-16 was a success though, and a good beginning for coming classes to develop.

Soloists—

Merrill Hosler, Baritone
Paul Steen, Tenor
Ralph Woods, Soprano

First Tenor—

Henry Deuker
Roger Giles
Ralph Woods
Charles Towle
Robert Weed

Second Tenor—

Robert Roland
William Wilson
Paul Steen
Roy Plummer
Harold Norris

First Bass—

Merrill Hosler
Ralph Rogers
Clarence Porter
Herbert Russell
Wilbur Morrel

Second Bass—

Cyril Pitts
Benjamin Howes
Robert Longman
Whitney McGuire
Robert Smith

Specialties—

Harold Norris
Wilbur Morrel

Cornetist—

Robert Longman



Chorus

THE chorus classes this year have studied numbers written by the different great composers. Once every six weeks the classes have given a program presenting numbers written by these composers. This is a great help to the students and gives them a new interest in their work. There are about three hundred and fifty students enrolled. The secretary of the chorus is Lillian Genn.

The chorus is making a study of American folk songs this semester. A great movement along this line has swept the country from coast to coast and is commendable, as every true American should know his home music and songs as well as the music of foreign nations.

On account of the Shakespearean Pageant which will be given this spring, it was thought best not to have the regular May Festival, so the chorus has not been studying any oratorio as it has in previous years.

Next year the chorus will present Mendelssohn's Oratorio, "St. Paul." Work on this number will be started early in the fall semester, which will give more time for the preparation, as the chorus has only one rehearsal each week where formerly there were two.

The accompanists for the different classes are: Genette Kramer, Mildred Nusbaum, Katherine Bartel, Helen Hadley, and Mary Carmen.

Harmony

The harmony classes have been doing exceedingly good work during the past year. The work done in the Harmony IV classes is on the same line of work that is done in most conservatories. The two sections have already finished their regular art book, and have studied "Figured or Thorough Base" from Richter's Harmony, and at the present time are studying melody writing. The classes meet three times a week.

The Industrial Department

A Review of 1915-16

BY WHITNEY S. MCGUIRE, '16



THE BENCH ROOM

McGuire, R. Jordan, R. Gault, Bob Clark, H. Norris, Emil Lewis, and M. Brown.

The Advanced Carpentry class prospered under the supervision of Mr. E. Vickery. Much credit is due these skillful members of the R. H. S. Carpenters' Union, No. 7, for building the counter in the library and also the bicycle sheds, both of which are shown in the snap-shots. Members of the local union were: John King, Reno Keelor, M. Tomlinson, P. Lyons, G. Borton, P. Ellis, Jim Eaton, G. Rankin, R. Meyers, T. Jessup, and H. Bulach.

By the addition of these two most important subjects to the curriculum, the Industrial Department has been able to accomplish more practical things than ever before.

The pattern-making, forge, mechanical drawing, and printing classes were ably supervised by Messrs. C. O. Mays, C. E. Strait, A. A. C. Tews, and Charles Towle. In printing the Cynosure, the printing department has shown its efficiency. Special credit is due Mr. C. O. Mays, director of the Industrial Department, and a friend of all the fellows.



TURNING ROOM

IN THE Industrial Department, two new subjects were added, Machine Shop and Advanced Carpentry. The machine class was instructed in the Ward Machine Company's shop, a practical machine shop, by Mr. Wilfred B. Ward. Oh, yes! and his able assistant, Mr. Urban Gaspipe—no, Gausepohl.

One of the products of the spring class was a large play-ground swing outfit. This swing consisted of two batteries, with three swings in each battery. Members of the machine classes were: Ralph Rogers, Whit-



FORGE ROOM

Some of the technical schools which the alumni of this department are attending are: Miami, Purdue, Illinois, and Yale Universities, and Rose Polytechnic.

Some of the schools which the members of the '16 class are contemplating entering are the Universities of Cornell, Michigan, and Purdue.

Domestic Science and Art

BY ELECTA FOSTER, 17



LUNCH ROOM

THE Domestic Science and Art Departments are two of the most interesting and practical factors of the Richmond High School. Miss Florence King and Miss Stella Kelsey are the instructors in Domestic Science, the latter also having charge of the school lunch room. Miss Emma Bond is the instructor in Domestic Art.

The aim of the Domestic Science Department is to help the girls to acquire skill in the manipulation of utensils and foodstuffs; to establish ideals of cleanliness of body,

home, and community; to teach the students how to prepare and serve attractive and well balanced meals; to give them a scientific attitude toward homely tasks which makes them something more than drudgery.

The aim of the Domestic Art Department is to teach the girls how to judge materials as to their quality, durability and purpose; to draft their own patterns and to know how to use and alter commercial ones; to teach the relative value of hand and machine work; to give each girl a practical knowledge of plain sewing, dress making, and millinery, so that she will be able to sew for herself and others; to teach suitability and economy in planning wardrobes; and also to teach repair and care of clothing, and the ethics of shopping.

Both of these departments try to give each girl some idea of the economic problems with which she must come in contact as a spender of the greater part of the income of the family, and to prepare her to be able to divide this budget wisely.

This year the girls have served several luncheons to the teachers, and they also prepared and served the Senior luncheon which was given on Senior day. The students in Miss Kelsey's classes served the meals to the basketball players who were here for the tournament.

The girls in the Domestic Art department hemmed and marked with "R. H. S." the linens which are used in the school kitchen.

The girls in the advanced classes have made garments for people outside of their classes. Several girls work on the same piece and in this way they get practice in sewing for other people.

Most of the Senior girls in the advanced classes have made their own graduation dresses. Several girls made their Easter coats or suits in the sewing classes.



COOKING ROOM

Art Department



ART GALLERY

Some are working in watercolor, and others are making large posters for the Shakespearean Festival. Quite a number of the boys, at the beginning of the spring semester, designed attractive individual bookplates, and the girls made collar designs, which are being carried out in embroidery.

One of the chief features of this department is the metal class which has its workshop in the chemistry laboratory. The students taking this work fashion articles from silver and copper. Rings, bracelets, valieres, and pins are made, stones being

THE Art Department of the Richmond High School, under the instruction of Miss Maud Barger, has been doing interesting work this year. Much original work has been done. Several of the students have been making compositions in black and white, and cartoons for the "Cynosure." Earl Ryan is especially good in cartooning, and his work speaks for itself. Carolyn Bradley, one of the graduates of this year's class, has made very attractive decorations, many of which may be seen on the pages of this issue.



FREE HAND DRAWING



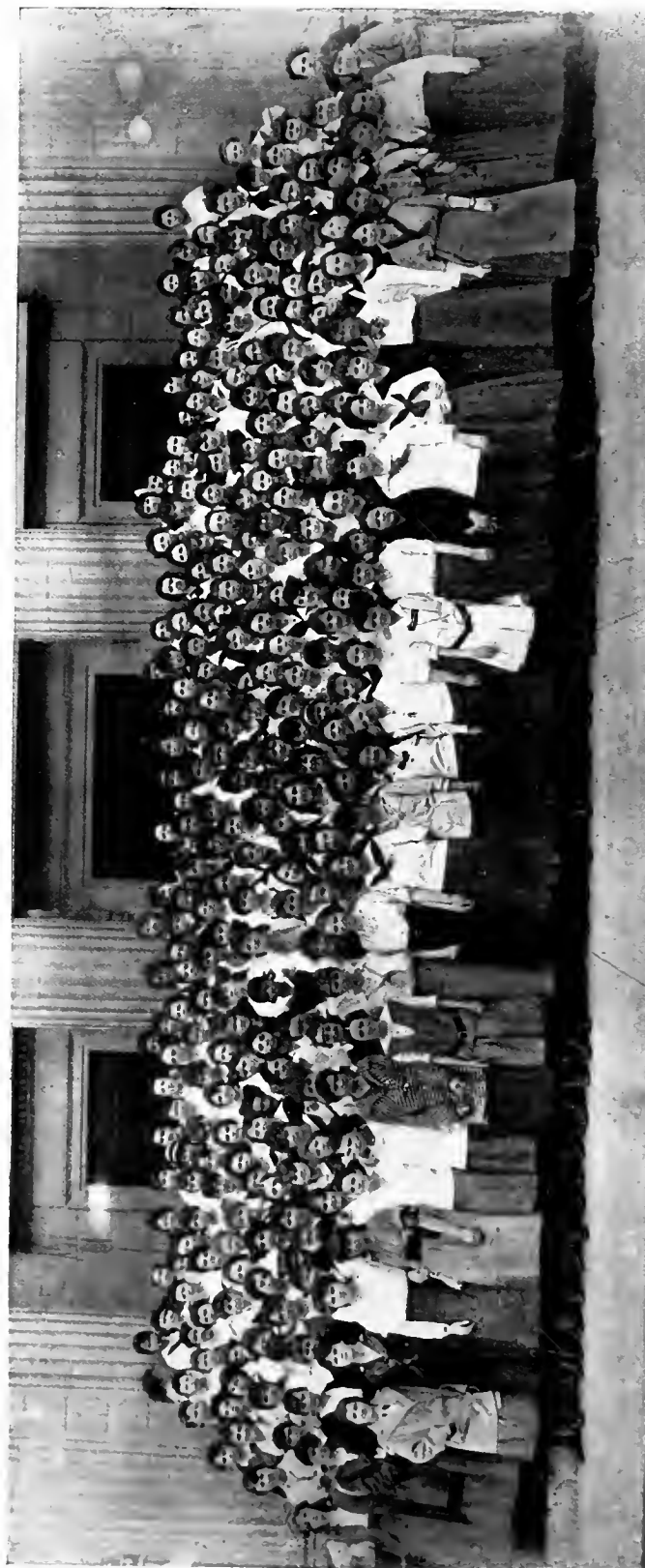
ART GALLERY

used for surface enrichment. This phase of the work is undoubtedly one of the most interesting of those taught in the school.

Two of the seniors, Mabel Knopf and Dorothy Heironymous, have been making some excellent studies in still life, with oil colors.

Miss Barger has been very much pleased by the energy and interest which has been shown by the students of the Art Department.

Organizations



The G. A. A.

TALL, awkward Miss Freshie came up in the fall
 With few friends to answer her S. O. S. call.
 But a powerful ally soon came to her aid
 With the best ammunition—R. H. S. made.

'Twas the G. A. A., famous, of which we've all heard
 Some bit of gossip,—not any absurd;
 For it never stops doing. What it does, it does right,
 So there's adequate reason for gossip, a sight.

Of all the good times 'twould be hard to relate;
 The parties, the spreads, as well as each skate.
 But the best of all gifts is the warning, 'tis said,
 Of "Stop, Look, and Listen, and then, Go Ahead!"

In fact:

It took charge of Miss Freshie as her case demanded,
 Her bad traits diminished, her good ones expanded,
 Until, as a Senior, she left its kind care
 An all 'round young lady, and something quite rare.

G. A. A. Scouts





Pedestrian Club

President—CAROLINE SMITH.
Vice-President—NEVA BOWMAN.

Secretary—MARY DICKSON.
Treasurer—AILEEN BEISSMANN.

In the spring the athletes run,
Around the Track in shoes with spikes;
In the spring a pedestrian's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of hikes.

—Tennyson (?)

ALL-DAY walks are now a specialty with the members of the P. C. The favorite all-day tramp is to New Paris by way of Middleborough. Broiled weiners and bacon are the principal delicacies. The slightly burned ones have the best flavor, and produce the rosiest cheeks and sweetest dispositions.

The freshmen are initiated into the club by crossing streams on two by fours and climbing barb wire fences. When they have become proficient in performing these feats they are real pedestrians and are taught the P. C. yell:

Who are, Who are, Who are we?
We are the R. H. S. P. C.!
Are we it? Well, I guess:
We are the hikers of the R. H. S.

The freshmen have been walking right along, two freshies, Martha Davis and Catharine Cox having received the hundred mile pin. There are quite a number of girls wearing the gold pin, all seniors except one. Those having walked three hundred miles or over are: Helen Ball, Carolyn Bradley, Katherine Daub, Nina Guthrie, Mabel Loehr, Flora and Mary Parks. A P. C. emblem in green and white, the club colors, will be given to those who have walked five hundred miles.



Dramatic Society

President—HELEN BALL.

Vice-President—PHYLLIS BUTLER.

Secretary—ROBERT WEED.

Sergeant-at-Arms—ROBERT SMITH.

THE Richmond High School was not slow to rise to the occasion of a renaissance in dramatics. During the past year the Dramatic Society has been very prosperous along many lines. The membership has been increased from a very small number in 1910, the date of its origin, to fifty members at the present time. On account of the desires of so many students to become members of the society, a waiting list has been started, now composed of about ten names.

The purpose of this society is to read and give plays, and to study dramatic art. The result this year has been very successful.

Many good times are enjoyed, especially when "spread" time comes. There are always plenty of "eats" and jolly times at the spreads in Mr. Kelly's laboratory. The attendance of the society is naturally the largest at these spreads, but nevertheless, our regular Wednesday afternoon meetings are usually well attended.

Many plays and monologues have been read among which were: "Mrs. Nickleby Falls in Love," "Six to One," "You Must Be Dreaming," "Modesty," "The Bargain Counter," "Through a Keyhole," and "At the Matinee."

Beside the plays, there have been readings from the lives and works of great dramatists, and some news of the present-day stage. These have been very helpful. (It seems as if some of the members of this society exist chiefly for dramatic purposes; for the talent which they have exhibited along dramatic lines is hard to beat (?).)

It has become the custom of the Dramatic Society to present a play in chapel some time during the year. This season closed with the presentation of "Miss Burney at Court," a short play founded on the life of Frances Burney, the early English novelist.

The cast was as follows:

Miss Burney.....	Helen Ball	Madame Schwellenberg.....	Olive Dollins
Sally Burney.....	Juliet Nusbaum	The Visitor.....	Robert Smith
Dr. Burney.....	Lawrence Chrow	Footman.....	William Weed



The Junior Commercial Club

THE purpose of the Junior Commercial Club is twofold: first, to develop the ability of its members to speak in public, and second, to create an interest in our civic problems.

The club has charge of all public speaking work connected with the High School. One must be a member to participate in the inter-school debates or the various discussion league and oratorical contests. There are, however, no membership fees, hence anyone in the High School who is interested in this work may become a member. The club meets every two weeks, the program consisting of debates and speeches by the members.

Two debates have been held on "Resolved, That Woodrow Wilson is the greatest man in the United States," and "Resolved, That immigration to the United States should be further restricted by law." Some recent speeches have been on "Is the world growing better?" "Government Ownership of Public Utilities" and "World Federation." The tryout which was recently held to determine the representative of our school in the Discussion League contest was won by Ralph Nicholson.

The club has just closed its second year of active work with about twenty members. It has produced a debating team which won the debate from Marion High School on the question "Resolved, That President Wilson's Mexican policy is commendable," and a representative who won the county and district Discussion League contests on the subject of "Municipal Home Rule."



Board of Control

PREVIOUS to the year 1908, each school enterprise was backed by an organization of its own. As a result of this method, unpaid bills brought embarrassment upon the school and lack of confidence from the local merchants. The treasurers of the different enterprises who, at the end of the school year, had a surplus of money could not refund it to anyone. To overcome these defects, there was organized what is now known as the Board of Control, which is composed of three student members elected by the faculty, and three teachers elected by the students, with the principal as member *ex officio*.

The Board of Control, a common treasury of all organizations, not only makes possible the paying enterprises, but also others worthy to be financed. Its powers are limited to finances. The organizations which come under the supervision of the Board of Control are the Athletic Association, including basketball, baseball, track and inter-scholastic meets, Girls' Athletic Association, Senior and Junior class enterprises, Junior Commercial Club, the Dramatic Society, Pedestrian Club, the *Cynosure*, and the PIERIAN. The total receipts for the first year, 1908-09, were \$339.09 and disbursements, \$320.36. For 1915-16, the total receipts will be approximately, \$3500.00, disbursements, \$3000.00. All surplus money is carried forward from one year to the next in a local bank.



The Wireless Club

THE Wireless-Electrical Club, with its own receiving set, is one of the many active organizations maintained in the school. It is one of the newer organizations, having been founded but a few years ago by several more or less active, well-known, wireless bugs.

As a result of invitations for outsiders to add to their programs, Mr. Carl Van Renace, a student of Professor Fessenden, and a man who helped design the Arlington, Virginia, instruments, gave talks two different evenings. Both talks were strictly on wireless instruments and their construction. Both evenings Mr. Kelly's night school class were visitors.

On one occasion, the Club accepted the invitation of Mr. Titus, a Western Union man, to attend an illustrated lecture at the Commercial Club on the "Evolution of the Telegraph."

The officers were:

Sponsor—MR. KELLY.

First Term—

President—LESTER CROME, '16.
 Vice-President—HERMAN McLELAND, '16.
 Secretary—GEORGE MENDENHALL, '17.

Second Term—

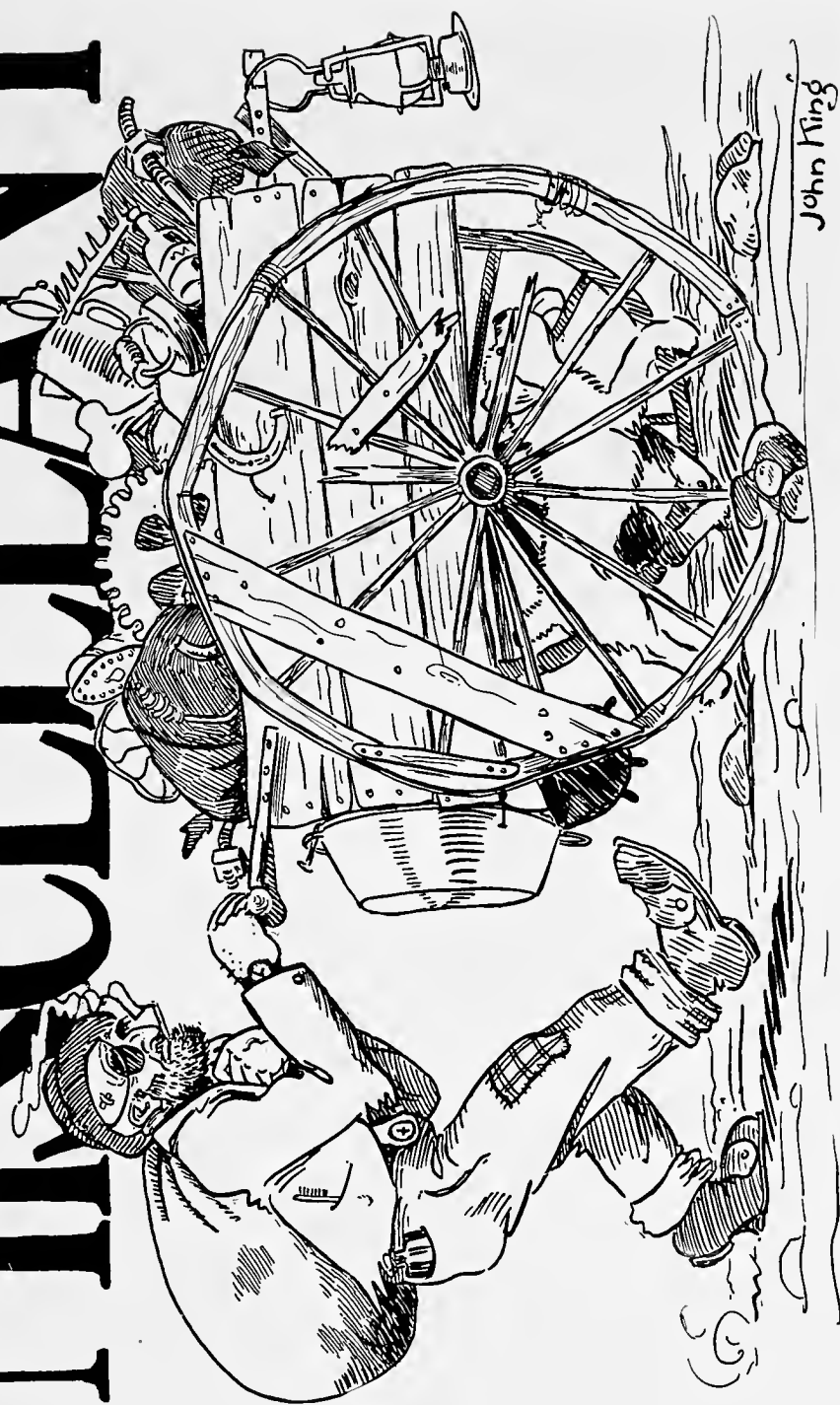
President—LESTER CROME, '16.
 Vice-President—HERMAN McLELAND, '16.
 Secretary—HAROLD KRICK, '17.

Members—

E. SUDHOFF, '17.
 ROBERT CLARK, '17.
 HAROLD HAWKINS, '17.
 WILLIAM FERGUSON, '18.
 CLYDE MILLER, '19.
 GLENN WEIST, '19.

IRA KENT, '19.
 HAROLD RUBLE, '19.
 JOHN LIVINGSTONE, '19.
 CLARK PALMER, '18.
 FRANK EATON, '18.
 HAROLD RITCHEY, '19.

MISCELLANY





The Cynosure

OUR school publication, The Cynosure, was established three years ago. The name was determined by a vote of several representatives from each class after a few suggestive names had been chosen. The majority favored the name "Cynosure." The word means "a center of attraction," so it is a very appropriate name for a school paper.

The editors and department heads are elected by a vote of the student body, and the other places are filled by appointment. The first editor was Roland Ball. He was succeeded last year by Alfred Laning, and this year the two editors of the competitive staffs are Robert Weed and Ralph Nicholson.

There are different sections in the editions of the Cynosure. There is a literary section which includes stories, poems and other literary contributions written by the students, most of which do credit to their authors. The news section contains all the latest news of the school, written up in an interesting manner. The section on departments and organizations deals with every department in the school, telling what kind of work each department is doing and giving general reports on the meetings and accomplishments of the various organizations. The sport section deals with all athletic activities and gives full details of every contest that is held. The editorial department always has articles of school interest and deals with the opinions of the writer on the various enterprises in the school. The exchange department always has helpful hints to other school papers which are received. The joke department is usually well filled with clever witticisms. As a whole, the Cynosure is recognized as one of the leading school papers in the state, and receives many favorable comments from other papers.

Different issues are devoted to certain occasions; such as holiday numbers and class issues.

The paper is published in the school printing department and the expense defrayed by charging two cents per copy, and by the advertising section, which is very generously patronized by the business men of the city.

A different plan has been tried this year, that of having two competitive staffs. The plan was a success until several members of the two staffs left school and did not have time to continue their Cynosure duties. The two staffs then were combined into one general staff in order to carry out the year successfully.

As a whole, each year's series of publications of the Cynosure has been a credit to the school and it is the hope of the class of '16 that each succeeding year will greatly improve the quality of the paper, and that the Cynosure will continue to be unquestionably the best high school publication in the state.

RHEA M. SWISHER, '16.



What the Debating Team has Done

ON DECEMBER 8th came the announcement by Coach Null that a dual debate with Marion (Indiana) H. S. had been definitely booked. The question decided upon was, "Resolved, That the Mexican policy of the present administration is commendable." About thirty of our ambitious "hopes" immediately set to work to glean all the information possible on that subject.

The final tryout on December 17th found six rather nervous young people at the High School building a full hour before the ceremonies. Of the six speakers, five argued affirmatively and one negatively. When everything cleared up it was found that the R. H. S. debating team which was to defend the affirmative in the Marion debate, consisted of Ralph Nicholson, Verlon Ballinger and Julius Tietz.

Then followed several weeks of hard grinding for the team. In order to make sure of beating Marion, several debates with the second team and a team from Earlham were held. From the practice received in these debates our team was able to make smooth, logical, and well-balanced speeches in the Marion debate.

On Friday evening, February 11th, before an audience of approximately six hundred and fifty, our team gave Marion a good drubbing. Richmond was especially strong in rebuttal. The main weakness of the Marion boys was in their rapidity of speech.

Owing to the fact that Coach Null wished to win both the Eastern Indiana Oratorical Contest and the State Discussion League Contest, no other debates with outside schools were scheduled. After returning the favor to Earlham by debating their team on the subject which they were to debate with Albion College, our Debating Team disbanded for the year.

Even if the basketball team did not get to Bloomington, "Nick" did, and he won the State Debating Contest held at Indiana University.

Snap-Shot Index

1. Debating Team Effects.
2. Happy Go Luckies.
3. Bob's Highest Ambition.
4. Stump Speaking in America.
5. Two of a Kind.
6. Miss McGuire.
7. Puppy Love.
8. Roscoe, I Didn't Think It of You.
9. Wanted—A Man.
10. Sister Krick of the "Rock and Rye."
11. He Loves the Ladies.
12. The Missing Link.
13. Happy.
14. Lawyer Harris II.
15. Debating Inspiration.
16. On to Victory (?).
17. "Bones" Norris.
18. Good Riddance of Bad Rubbish.
19. "Bless You, My Children."
20. Oh, for Goodness' Sakes.
21. The Tournament Bus.
22. Scene from Above.
23. The Great Dipper (See Calendar, March 1).
24. Some Chicken.
25. Stubby and Reno.
26. Oscar.
27. Dingley Got It for 'Em.
28. The Anvil Chorus.
29. The Man of the Hour.
30. Day Laborers.
31. Royal Order of Race Track Sports.
32. The Tennis Stars.
33. The Drones.
34. The Dance of the Imps.
35. What Lost the Tournament?
36. What Will Kelly Say!
37. Porter and Louise M.
38. Roger Bean.



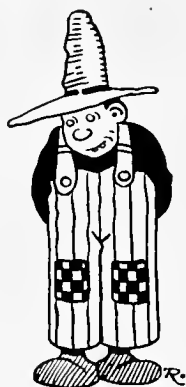




Calendar for 1915-16

SEPTEMBER

13. The flag of '16 greeted the eyes of the employees of the thriving Educational Factory of Richmond.



September 18

15. The Girl Scouts escorted the Freshies to their various nurseries.

18. Notice that boy with those wide suspenders and a green shirt! Well, he's a Freshman.

27. Discovered:—That Ruby Moore and Roland Marshall have a severe case of heart trouble.

OCTOBER

6. The re-election of Sister Krick as Junior President.

8. Senior Auto Party to New Castle. Two Fords in the crowd managed to bring up the rear.

11. The organization of the Junior Commercial Club.

15. Election of Senior officers. Although the ballot was stuffed, a re-election was not necessary.

21. Juniors set the Seniors up to pumpkin pies and doughnuts.

25. Guess what the new feature was in the Senior social! NO EATS.



October 21



November 19

NOVEMBER

- 8. Gurney Stidham lost his Junior Devil.
- 19. Some prisoners from Sing Sing escaped and paraded through chapel.
- 23. Mr. Wissler, *by mistake*, stopped recitation when the second bell rang.
- 24. The first G. A. A. Skate resulted in the devouring of many slaughtered turkeys. I'll say "Bob" got Connersville's goat.

DECEMBER

- 3. New Castle got gloriously defeated.
- 6. Tombstone erected near Mr. Pickell's office in memory of New Castle's deceased team.

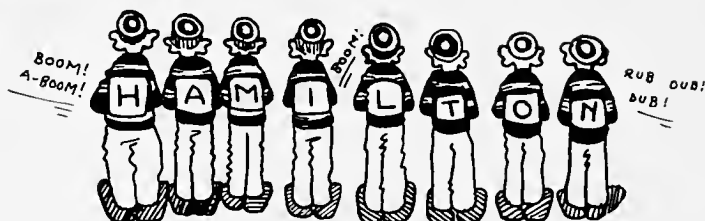
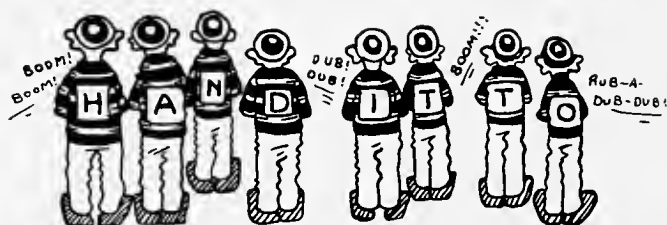
- 7. Oscar's head looked appropriate tacked over the office door.
- Phillips and Mr. Gillespie had a tank scrap.
- 17. G. A. A. Christmas party. Phil said no boys but "sissy" ones would attend.
- 21. Glee Club's initial appearance.
- Junior Party 4:00 p. m.
- Senior Party, 5:30 p. m.

JANUARY

- 3. Symptoms of Christmas were evident in flashy ties and bright hair ribbons.
- 7. At the Stivers game, the Drum Corps balled out all the **non-Irish** boys.
- 12. Mr. Pickell made a raid on the Freshmen today and obtained two squirt guns.



December 3



January 14

14. HAND IT TO HAMILTON!
19. Pedestrian Club spread.
20. "The Star" said we had the fastest basketball team in eastern Indiana.
21. "Keystone" vs. "Merry Widows." The "vimmen von."

25. SENIOR DAY!
 Dr. Rae 8:30 a.m.
 Luncheon 12:30 p.m.
 "Douglas' Wild Oats"... 7:30 p.m.
 Bob Weed exploded a noisy fire-cracker, the result of which incident was fatal.

MARCH

1. Dramatic Society Spread. Mr. Pickell ate beans with a ladle.



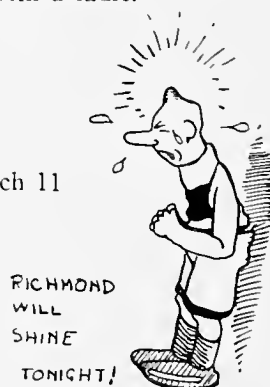
January 29

29. See that "library" coming down the hall? Well, there's a Freshie underneath it.

FEBRUARY

3. The Palladium published the R. H. S. news.
12. Girls' Basketball Spread. Too many eats!
17. "Cupid of the Fountain" was sporting a 19c vest.

March 11



- 10 and 11. Basketball TOURNAMENT! Result: Many TEARS.
21. Juniors had their "impressions" taken.
29. Dramatic Society Meeting. Two convicts, John Miller and Elizabeth Tarkleson, were found hand-cuffed together. Funny, isn't it?
31. Even though the Junior-Senior Party was chaperoned by Mrs. Robinson, the girls took advantage when the lights went out. (This is Leap Year.)

Chapel Exercises

BY RAY JORDAN

THE end of this school year will see the close of the best variety of chapels the Richmond High School has ever had. Thanks to our principal, Mr. Pickell, we have enjoyed speeches from the most able speakers and entertainers in the country.

Many pleasant chapel mornings have been spent in appreciating the excellent music of our own orchestra, under the direction of Professor Sloane, but this is not the only school talent of which we boast. The public speaking and oratorical contests have been held before the student body, also plays given by the Dramatic Society and the Latin classes were enjoyed.

On Friday, October the twentieth, O. T. Watkins talked to us on duelling in Germany. His description of the country, the colleges, and students was most interesting and entertaining.

One morning our old friend, Rev. J. J. Rae, gave us an excellent talk. He said, "Happiness and goodness go hand in hand. A person cannot be truly happy unless he is good." Rev. Rae is an effective speaker and knows how to get his point over.

The following chapel morning found the school enthusiastic over the Anderson game. Mr. Pickell gave a short to-the-point talk on "School Spirit of the True Kind."

On the third of December, Superintendent Giles spoke upon the new responsibilities coming on the school. He advocated self-reliance and a definite aim. He said, "Know what you are going to do, then do it. People get out of the way of a man who knows where he is going."

The debating team try-out was held as usual in chapel and received the usual amount of criticism. Those trying for a place on the team were Ralph Nicholson, Julius Tietz, Verlon Ballinger, Hazel Stevenson, William Haberkern, and Ray Jordan. Ralph, Julius and Verlon were chosen to represent the R. H. S.

At the Christmas chapel we were entertained by an orchestra concert. Misses Olive Dollins and Caroline Smith added to the charm of the program by singing solos. Mr. Pickell told of Christmas holidays and how to enjoy them.

On the first chapel of the year of 1916, Mr. Pickell, Mr. Giles, President Kelly of Earlham, Rev. Davis, and Rev. Howard gave brief summaries of the reasons for Bible study, and of a general plan of study as adopted throughout the country.

A most unusually interesting chapel was the one in which Mrs. M. F. Johnston delivered a lecture on the Panama-Pacific Exposition illustrated by stereopticon views. Every student fully appreciated the beauty of the scenes shown.

An old time friend, Dr. Seymour of Wisconsin University, known as one of the best lecturers of the day on historical subjects, gave in two lectures the lives of Napoleon and Benjamin Franklin. Dr. Seymour certainly knows how to bring the dead to life and make them live their lives over again.



“Douglas’ Wild Oats”

AT THE end of that eventful Senior Day, a three-act comedy, entitled “Douglas’ Wild Oats,” was given before a packed house in the R. H. S. Auditorium.

The music was furnished by the Williams’ Orchestra, the scenery by O. G. Murray, and the furniture by The Romey Furniture Company.

Of course, Whitney was one of the “stars,” representing the new private secretary, Mr. Robert Spalding, D. D. Bob Smith took the role of Douglas and carried out his part well. The old uncle, Cattermole, was represented by “Scoop” Rogers who looked “foolish, fat, and fifty.” The others in the cast all helped to stage a play typical of others produced by the 1916 class. Everyone enjoyed the performance.

Other members of the cast were as follows:

Mr. Marsland	JAMES EATON
Harry Marsland	ROBERT WEED
Mr. Sidney Gibson	RAY JORDAN
John	VERLIN BALLINGER
Knox, a writ server	GORDON BORTON
Edith Marsland	JULIET NUSBAUM
Eva Webster	ELIZABETH BATES
Mrs. Stead, landlady	OLIVE BOYD
Miss Ashford	HELEN RIGGS



The Pedestrian Club Play

THE Pedestrian Club play was given in the auditorium, Friday night, April 14. Every year a play is given by the club, the one chosen this year being "Six Times Nine," by Gladys Bridgham. The scene was Prince Felix's hunting lodge, Hohenelbe Mountains, in the Principality of Wollenholde.

The parts were well taken and the play a great success. The dialect parts by Charlotte Rogers, the Dutch maid, and by Amy Fitzpatrick, the Irish maid, were especially amusing.

The cast of characters was:

Princess Vara, of Wollenholde.....	MARY DICKSON
Countess Alexis, her aunt.....	HELEN BALL
Countess Yvonne, her cousin.....	CAROLYN BRADLEY
Freda, her maid.....	CHARLOTTE ROGERS
Lurine Raje, a peasant.....	IRENE UTTER
Mrs. Avery Hamilton Hapgood, of Concord, Mass., U. S. A.....	MILDRED EARNEST
Winifred Tufton	<div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> <div style="font-size: 4em; margin-right: 10px;">{</div> <div> MARGARET WILSON MILDRED HARTMAN KATHERINE DAUB NINA GUTHRIE </div> </div>
Lucy Simpson	
Mollie Andrews	
Amelia Lee	
Delia, Mrs. Hapgood's maid.....	
.....Pupils in Mrs. Hapgood's Seminary.....	AMY FITZPATRICK

“The Man from Home”

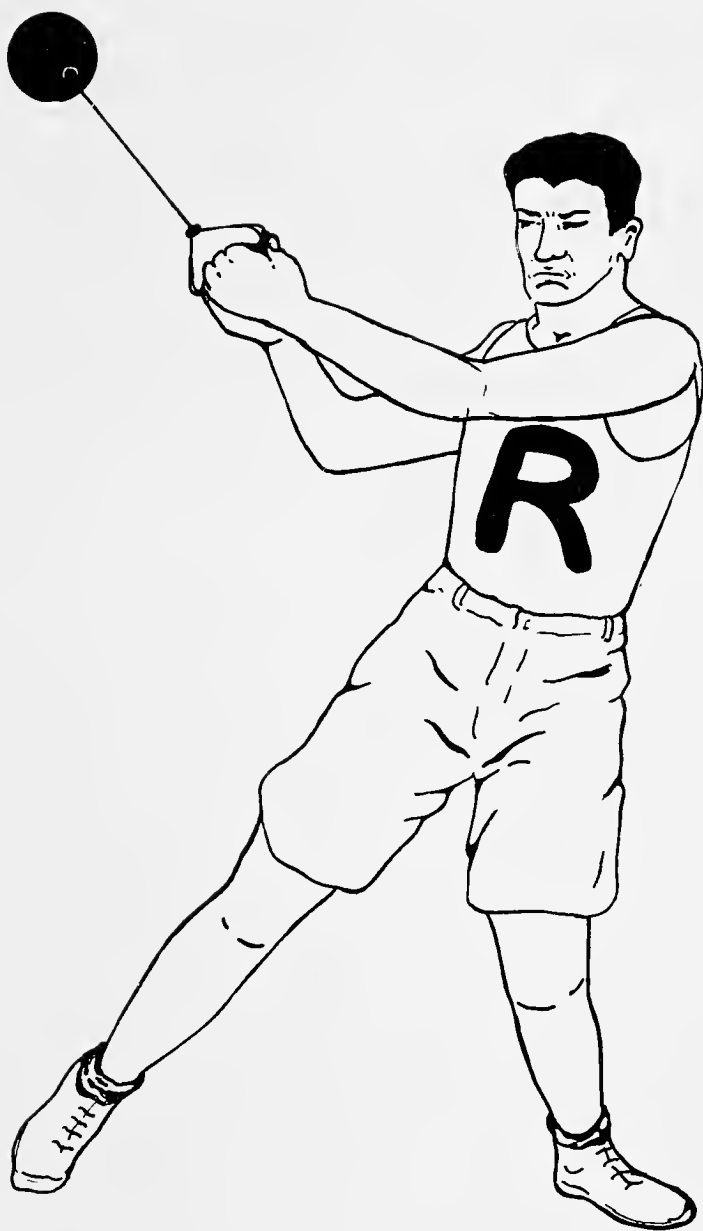
IN PLAYING “The Man from Home,” the 1916 Class has undertaken a greater proposition than any other class has ever attempted. Beside being a dramatic problem, it is also a business problem. The expenses of the coach, royalty, costumes, and theatre will reach four hundred dollars. The play will be staged at the Murray Theatre, for two performances, Thursday, June 1, 1916.

The play is one of Booth Tarkington’s best works. It was originally staged in Chicago, starring Mr. William Hodge and Miss Olive Wyndham. After playing there for a year it opened in New York City at the Astor Theatre. This play has been a great success and has been staged by many colleges and universities.

The scenes of the play are laid in Sorrento, Italy. The leading characters are: Daniel Voorhees Pike, of Kokomo, Indiana, and his two wards, Ethel Granger-Simpson and Horace Granger-Simpson.

CHARACTERS AND PLAYERS

Daniel Voorhees Pike.....	WHITNEY MCGUIRE
The Grand Duke Vasili Vasilivitch.....	CYRIL PITTS
The Earl of Hawcastle.....	RALPH ROGERS
The Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn.....	RALPH NICHOLSON
Ivanoff	RAY JORDAN
Horace Granger-Simpson.....	HENRY DEUKER
Ribiere	JAMES EATON
Mariano	ROBERT WEED
Michele	MARY PARKS
Ethel Granger-Simpson	ELIZABETH BATES
Comtesse De Champigny.....	NINA SHERA
Lady Creech	MARY ILIFF
The Carbinieres	{ MILLS JUDY
	{ VERLON BALLINGER
	{ ROBERT SMITH
The Gypsies	{ KATHERINE DAUB
	{ CAROLYN BRADLEY
	{ MARY DICKSON



ARTISTICS
H. Ball.

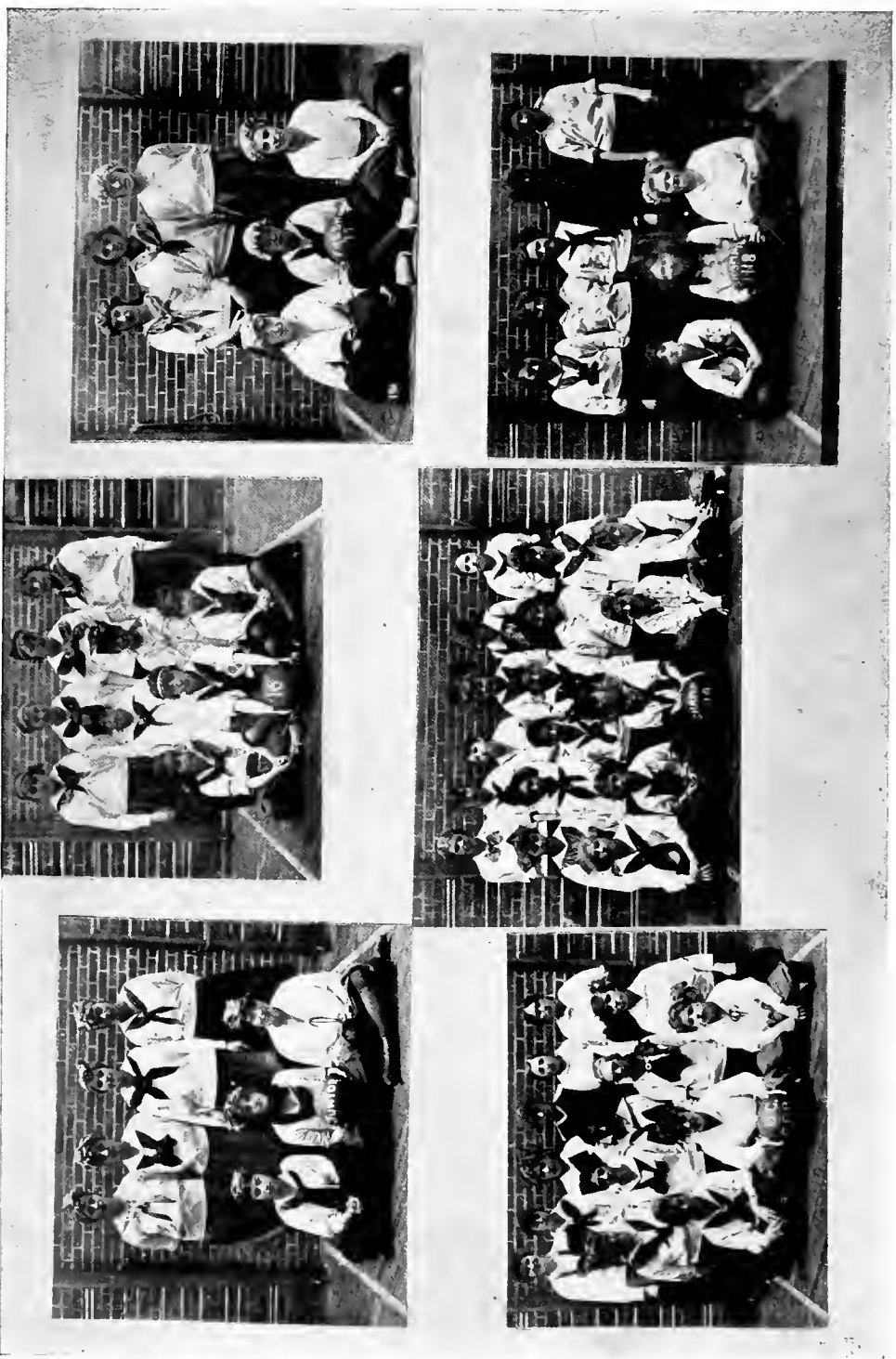


Baseball

CLASS teams in girls' basketball have been organized this year with captains as follows: Margaret Schuman, Freshman; Martha Jones, Sophomore; Vera Pfafflin, Junior; and Katherine Daub, Senior.

Each class has plenty of good material and so far they seem quite evenly matched. Some of the games will be played at the play grounds.

The champion team will be announced at the annual G. A. A. banquet. The winners will receive a pennant. Last year baseball monograms were given to the best nine players. This year the same thing will probably be done.



Basketball

ONE Friday night a mighty Senior said to her mid-year Freshman friend, "Let us go down to the gym and watch the basketball games." The Freshman nodded her head in approval, so down the stairs they skipped, and perched themselves on the parallel bars.

It was almost time for the game to start. The girls were practicing and running up and down the gym.

"Who are the ones in the green caps? Do look at those orange and black ties and caps! Aren't they good-looking? Who are they?" asked the Freshman.

"Oh, my! Why, of course, those green-capped girls are Freshmen, while those girls wearing the orange and black are Seniors. The Sophomores are the ones in the red caps, and the Juniors in the blue ones."

"Who are the captains?" inquired the much interested Freshman.

"Katherine Kamp is the captain of the Freshman class team. I heard that her team threatens to carry away the championship. It has already defeated last year's champions.

"The captain of the Sophomores is one of the best centers here. She certainly can jump some. Her name is Martha Jones. She has some good players on her team. One of her forwards, Mabel Shaver, has the best eye for throwing baskets of any player on the floor.

"The Juniors elected Vera Pfafflin to pilot them through this year. This team was the champion last year. It is not nearly so strong this year, and greatly misses one of its star guards, Mildred Benton, who is not in school this year.

"The captain of the Seniors is Mabel Loehr, '16's captain for four years. Their team work is the best in the school. The Freshman team have asked the Seniors to tell them their signals and passes when they graduate. This they have promised faithfully to do. Seniors this year have succeeded in defeating the Freshmen and Juniors. The Sophomores? —Oh, that's a different story.

"There! The game is starting. I am going to keep quiet and watch. Please don't talk to me now."

* * * * *

Girls' basketball games this year were very interesting and exciting. At first the teams were fairly equal in strength, but after a few games the Sophomores forged ahead, and claimed the championship at the end of the season.

The season ended with the annual spread given the varsity and the second team. Here an extra treat was added. The boys were introduced to the game of captain basketball. Even if the girls did beat the boys 9 to 4, the losers liked the game, and said that that would be a good game to play with the faculty next year. Every one seemed to enjoy the party except Messrs. Edwards and Pickell. The former objected to lemons hidden in his ice-cream, while the latter said the girls treated him too roughly in the game.

Captain Basketball

THIS year is the first time captain basketball teams have been organized, and scheduled games played. This game is a milder form of basketball. Each team has two captain's boxes, three guards and six or seven forwards. One of the guards plays center. The number of guards and forwards may be changed to suit the number of girls wanting to play.

Two teams were organized, the Upper Classmen and the Freshmen. The Upper Classmen elected Letha Chrow captain, while Katherine Elliott captained the Freshman team. The Freshmen proved themselves to be too good and won every game but one. However, they were veterans, so to say, for they had been playing this game at Garfield. Miss Comstock was referee most of the time. The other games were refereed by Mabel Loehr and Katherine Daub.

Next year it is very probable that four teams will be organized and one afternoon a week will be given over to the game.

Tennis

EACH year a tennis tournament is held under the supervision of Miss Comstock. Last year sixteen girls entered the tournament, including: Carolyn Bradley, Edith Haworth, Mabel Loehr, Bessie Cruse, Phyllis Butler, Ruth Blossom, Marie Besselman, Jessie Chapman, Mabel Shaver, Marjorie Gennett, June Robinson, Katherine Daub, Elizabeth Tarkelson, Maxine Murray, Thelma Robinson and Janet Seeker.

After some very interesting and close games, all but Edith Haworth and Carolyn Bradley were eliminated. In the finals Edith was defeated by Carolyn. This gave Carolyn the championship and a tennis "R," while Edith received a pennant for being runner-up.

So far only two girls have received the "R" for tennis, Marie Kaufman, '14, and Carolyn Bradley, '16.

This year fourteen girls have entered the tournament.

Baseball

THE baseball season opened the middle of April. As a representative team is not chosen, intergroup teams are picked. These teams play three nights a week after school. The captains are O'Neal, Morrel, Simmons, Miller and Hafner.

Fobs will be awarded to individuals on the winning team, and a cup will be presented to the team. "R's" will be awarded to players having the best percentage in batting and fielding. In this plan, about fifty boys are playing instead of the usual fifteen.

Track

THE track team is one of the best in years. If the eligible list were larger, the team would be better. About the time of a meet some two or three members are declared ineligible. In the high jump, Davis, McGuire and Dollins all do over five feet. Jessup is in a class of his own in the hurdles. Brown and O'Neal can go a good bit over nine feet in pole vault. In the dashes Pitts, Jordan and R. Smith are fast. Pitts is the most promising of the trio. Morrel and Long are milers. In the weight events are H. Brown, Dollins and Tomlinson. Leiter and Brumley do the quarter and half. Parker and Meranda are two of the best dash men in the school but can't participate on account of parental objections. Parker defeated Earlham's quarter miler in a practice meet.

In the first meet of the season, Richmond met defeat at the hands of Technical High School of Indianapolis. R. H. S. made a good showing considering that seven of the regular men were ineligible or absent. Jessup got first in both of the hurdles. Brown won the shot-put, Davis the high jump, and Dollins the discus throw. In the 100-yard dash the race was very close, Perkins of Technical winning it in 10.2, which is fast time. His running mate, Koehring, finished a close second being pushed by Pitts, who finished a yard behind him.

Other meets to be held are the Central High School Association, Tri State at Oxford, Ohio, and the State Meet. Richmond will enter Jessup in the State Meet in the hurdles, and Davis and Dollins in the high jump. More entrants will be sent if improvement is shown. The team should get more practice after the first meet providing the weather is fit. In the first meet they showed lack of practice under supervision.

Basketball

"THE most successful season ever experienced"—A very appropriate description of the basketball season. Many old rivals were defeated and a few new ones. Out of twenty scheduled games, only four were lost, all of these being on foreign floors. In a financial way the profits will equal those of any High School in the State. The spirit shown by the school is responsible for many games being won.

The second team comes in for a good share of the credit. They showed their willingness to take the punishment which might come their way, and very often they got a good bit of it. And may it be known that our second team was better than some of the teams in the tournament.

The Board of Control showed that it was a supporter of the team. New suits were bought at the first of the season. Later knee guards and shoes were furnished. Sweaters were awarded in chapel the week of the tournament. But as the team didn't win the tournament, they didn't see fit to send the team to Bloomington to see the finals. This was the only time that the Board of Control didn't accede to something beneficial to the team.

The first call for candidates was made the first of October. About fifty candidates reported. By elimination a squad was picked and practise was begun immediately. For the guard position Pitts was assured a place due to his showing and experience of the previous year on the team. Meranda and Jessup were left for the other guard. At forward, Brown, C. Porter, O'Neal, W. Porter and Miller were to scrap it out. Brown and C. Porter were varsity members of a year's experience and were most likely for the positions. At center Parker, Dollins and Kenworthy were candidates. In the first game the varsity consisted of Brown and C. Porter, forwards; Parker, center; Pitts and Meranda, guards; Jessup and Dollins, subs. Harold Brown was elected captain and made a creditable showing in that capacity.

Prof. Charles Towle was selected manager. He was well liked by the team and all concerned. Although his name was always mispronounced by strangers, he always left a feeling of friendship with everyone. He was treated by the team as one of their own number and the treatment wasn't always the gentlest. Prof. Chester Edwards was selected assistant manager and was always on the job. Although new to the duties he was a "dindy." This lineup was kept throughout the season.

The opening game showed that the team would have a successful season. The "Y" was packed. The new suits were given their first tryout and looked very classy. Mooreland was the opponent of the Red and White. The passwork used by Richmond enabled them to pile up a big score, so that at the end of the second half the score stood 57 to 20 in our favor. It was some opening.

The next victim was Winchester. The game was played on the Coliseum floor and ended with a score of 30 to 9. It looked as though we were going to keep up the good work. After Anderson beat New Castle, they thought we would be easy picking. They found out that they were mistaken. Our game with them was quite a walk away for us, 50 to 19. Although playing in a "box car," the "Easthaveners" took Connersville's number, 31-22. It was a fast, rough game and was not decided until the last five minutes. Winchester was given a second drubbing, 40-19, on their own floor. Richmond was well represented, about sixty rooters being present. After the game everybody skated.

The one object in mind all season was to beat New Castle every game. This was accomplished but helped to cause the losing of the tournament. The score was 28-15. Richmond was too fast for the wearers of the Green.

One of the hardest games of the season was the one at Hagerstown. The game was won with a score of 18-11, and it certainly was worth it. Brookville was outclassed 42 to 20, but it couldn't be done in the tournament. This made the eighth successive victory.

During the Christmas holidays the team invaded the country northwest of Indianapolis, which is a rough country,—for basketball.

Three games were played on the holiday trip. With neither Meranda nor Pitts in the game Lebanon won 34-14. The people of Lebanon liked our playing. Crawfordsville ran up the score with ease after the first ten minutes. At the end of eight minutes of play our team was ahead 12-3, but the college style of play soon proved too strenuous for us. The final score was 61-20. Every member of the squad except Meranda, was used. Wayne-town should have been beaten, but they finally won out in the last minute, 32-28. But they got theirs later.

After the holiday trip we met a great number of our old friend-enemies, and gave all of them a good drubbing with the exception of Anderson at their own home town.

Then came the Tournament. The team had trained and practised their very best, and at the games they were given royal support by the entire school. First, Union City gave our boys a last practise and the game ended 63-7. Next R. H. S. tackled Newcastle, and for the third time beat them. But—Brookville. Brookville was looked upon with respect for the style of play shown in the former part of the tournament, but as having little chance of beating Richmond. Our team went into battle a little overconfident and very tired. Brookville represented the Sixth District at Bloomington. That is sufficient.

Schedule and Scores

Richmond	57	Mooreland	20
Richmond	30	Winchester	9
Richmond	50	Anderson	19
Richmond	31	Connersville	22
Richmond	40	Winchester	19
Richmond	28	New Castle	15
Richmond	18	Hagerstown	11
Richmond	42	Brookville	20
Richmond	14	Lebanon	34
Richmond	20	Crawfordsville	61
Richmond	28	Waynetown	32
Richmond	30	Stivers	28
Richmond	36	Hamilton	25
Richmond	51	Rushville	22
Richmond	29	New Castle	23
Richmond	48	Hagerstown	17
Richmond	40	Waynetown	19
Richmond	73	Connersville	2
Richmond	19	Anderson	32
Richmond	35	Rushville	25
Richmond	63	Union City	7
Richmond	22	New Castle	15
Richmond	17	Brookville	19
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total Richmond	821	Total Opponents	496

Average points per game: Richmond, 35.7 points; Opponents, 21.5 points.

Wearers of the "R"

Basketball, '16—

Harold Brown
Clarence Porter
Cyril Pitts
John Meranda
Russell Parker
Talbert Jessup
Roland Dollins

Debating, '16—

Ralph Nicholson
Verlon Ballinger
Julius Tietz

Baseball, '15—

Chauncey Burr
Ralph Wynn
Glenn Rankin
John Foster
Ivan Kennedy
Herman Brown
Harold Brown
Harold Norris
Wendell O'Neal

Girls' Basketball, '16—

Mabel Lochr
Katherine Daub
Aileen Beissman
Bessie Cruse
Carolyn Bradley
Vera Pfafflin
Martha Jones

Tennis, '15—

Carolyn Bradley

Oratory, '16—

Ralph Nicholson

Declamation, '16—

William Haberkern



1916

The Richmond High School Second Team

THE R. H. S. Seconds finished a successful season. This was the first season that the school has been represented by a second team. The idea of this plan was to give the players experience for next year. It was found to be very satisfactory and will be kept up in future years.

The second team was composed of seven Sophomores and one Senior. They played ten games, losing but three, and scoring a total of 339 points to their opponents' 213. Beside holding their opponents' forwards to small scores, the guards, McBride and Foster, scored 20 and 18 points, respectively. Rogers, the only member of the team to graduate, played the center position to a perfection, also scoring 42 points. As forwards, O'Neal and Porter held up their part of the scoring with 112 and 98 points, respectively. As subs, Gardner and Simmons were the very best. Long was one that is not to be forgotten as his shots won many a game for the Seconds. As a point getter, he was third, scoring 48 points.

The greater number of schools in the schedule used their first team against the Seconds.

Richmond.....	42	Hagerstown	15
Richmond.....	20	Mooreland	39
Richmond.....	24	Hagerstown	19
Richmond.....	26	New Castle	16
Richmond.....	40	Hagerstown	15
Richmond.....	37	Cambridge	19
Richmond.....	43	Camden (Ohio)....	12
Richmond.....	21	Lewisburg (Ohio)...	31
Richmond.....	27	Cambridge	45
Richmond.....	65	Camden (Ohio)....	12



THE VICTORS AND THE VICTIMS



OUR FRIENDS, THE JANITORS

A Few of Our Rooms



THE LIBRARY



PHYSICS LABORATORY



CHEMICAL LABORATORY



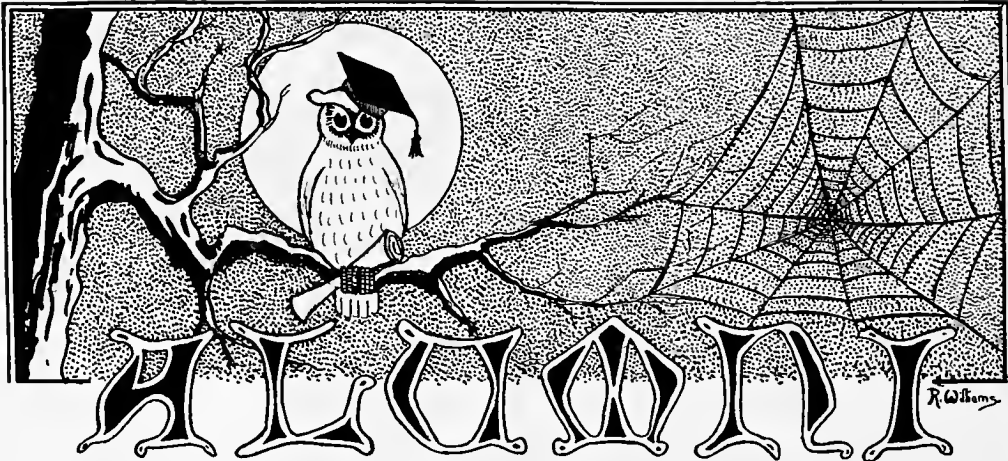
BOTANY



TYPEWRITING



MECHANICAL DRAWING



THE Alumni Association of the Richmond High School numbers among its one thousand members a large number of people who hold responsible positions in various parts of the world.

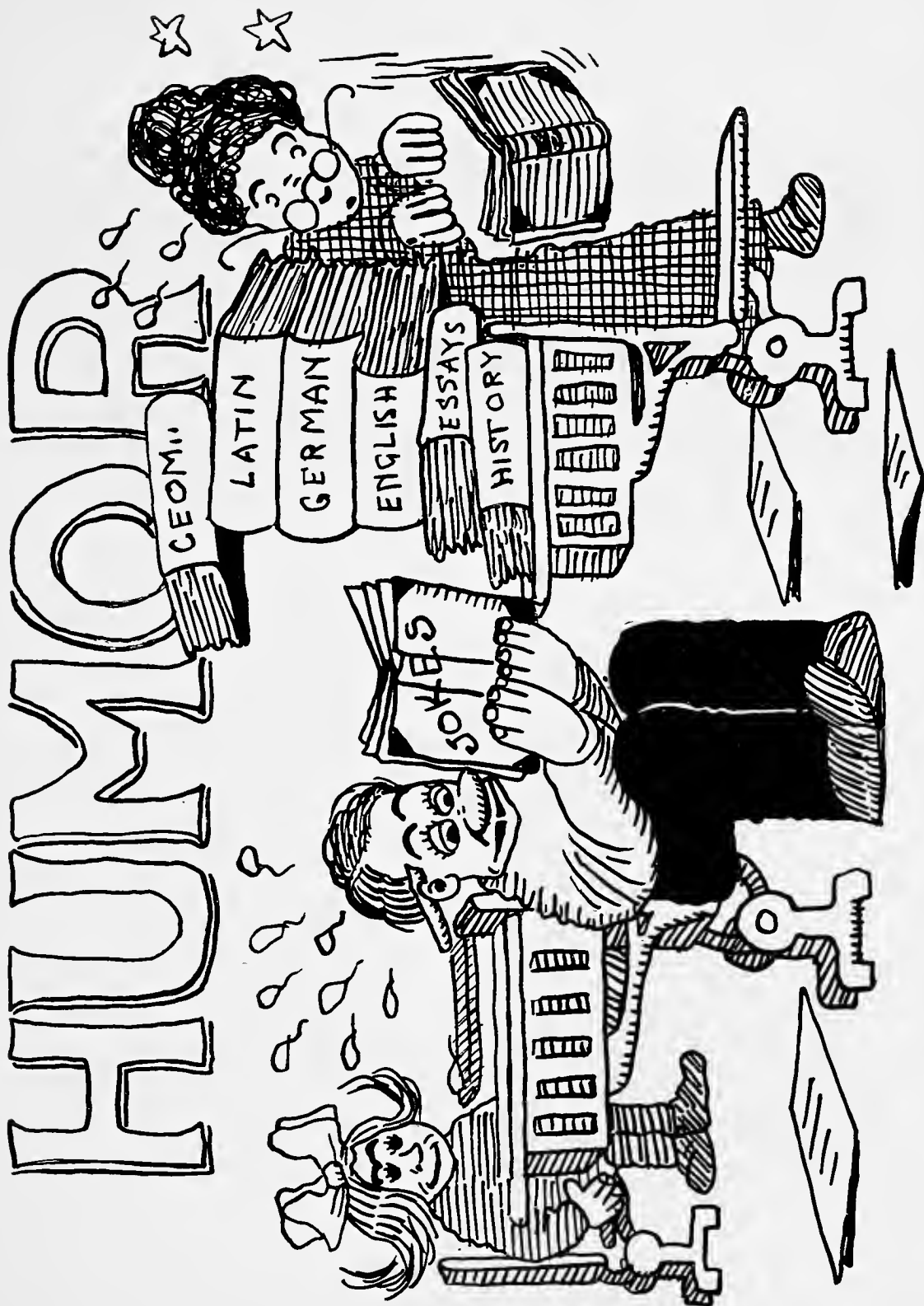
Among the comparatively recent graduates who are achieving success and prominence may be included Mr. Edward Lambertson, Chief Engineer of the Manila Street Railway and Electric Company, Manila, P. I.; Paul J. Furnas, Manager of the New York offices of the Aeolian Company; Howard Reid, Corporation Lawyer, Wall Street, New York, and Harry Dickey, Lutheran Missionary to India.

Graduates of the Richmond High School may be found high up in government positions, members of the faculties of some of our most prominent colleges and universities, and some are coming into prominence as professional men.

In our own High School, no less than sixteen of our thirty-six teachers are graduates of the High School, and in Garfield and the grades there are probably forty or fifty more.

The Association holds in trust a fund which may be used in assisting any worthy students who otherwise might be compelled to drop out of school almost on the eve of their graduation.

The present officers of the Association are Charles F. Towle, President; Miss Ruth Shera, Secretary; Miss Mary Mather, Vice-President, and Edwin Flook, Treasurer.



Who Is It?

WHO is it sits in "44,"
 And moves my seat far from the door,
 And says, "You ought to study more"?
 Miss Smelser.

Who moved me up in front one day
 And said, "Now, you are there to stay."
 Who said, "You'll have to face this way"?
 Miss Smelser.

Who is it when I can't recite,
 Asks me how much I study at night?
 Who says, "Your lessons are a fright"?
 Miss Smelser.

Who, when I turn around and grin,
 Says, "Until four you must stay in."
 "Herbert, have you handed your sentences in"?
 Miss Smelser.

Who, when I go to leave the room
 Says, "You must get much better soon"?
 Who fills my life with lots of gloom?
 Miss Smelser.

Who is it when the end is near,
 Says, "Herbert, will you please come here?"
 I think you'll take Latin here next year"?
 Miss Smelser.

NELSON SINEX, '17.

There are Others

She failed in Latin, flunked in Chem.
 They heard her softly hiss:
 "I'd like to find the man who said,
 'Ignorance is bliss.' "



BOOKKEEPING

Perhaps some jokes are old
 And should be on the shelf,
 But if you know some better ones
 Send in a few yourself.—*Editor.*

You know our little Ivan dear,
 Gardner, or Papa, for short,
 Well, Ivan goes with all the girls.
 Believe me, he's some sport.
 He took Phil Butler home one night;
 He said he had some time.
 He stopped at Finney's on that night,
 And it cost him but a dime.

Advertising Section

WHITNEY S. McGUIRE, Advertising Manager

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PATRONIZE THESE BOOSTERS

Your Start in Life is Important

Make a good Banking connection

Open a 3% Savings Account with
Richmond's strongest Bank

The Second National Bank

HEARD AT THE "HOOSIER"

Mrs. Countrywoman—I want some children's stockings.

Larry—What size, please.

Mrs. C.—I'll take a dozen pairs, just mix the sizes.

Teacher—If you get these formulæ well in your head you'll have it all in a nut shell.

Dude—Where is the best place to hold the World's Fair?

Hub—In your arms.

Leo (11:55)—I think it's time for me to go.

Elsie—Yes, never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.

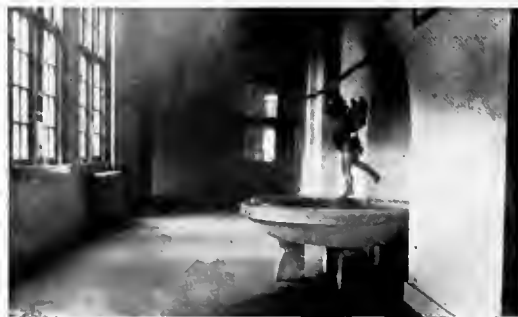
Chester—Herschel, what is the scientific name for snoring?

Dud—Guess it's "sheet music," Mr. Edwards.

One day when Eve, in joyful mirth,
Perambulated on this earth,
She gazed at Adam's scant array
Of fig leaves—two or three, they say—
And said, as only woman can,
"It's a good thing clothes don't make the man."

Miss F.—Do you use slang?

Mildred H.—Great Caesar, no! What my mother would do to me would be an elegant sufficiency if I ever made a stab at any dope like that.



THIRD FLOOR HALL

SPRING FEVER

A man on third: two batters out;
Two runs would win the game;
If he could make a home-run clout,
Deathless would be his fame.

He hitched his grimy trousers up,
And spat upon his hands;
He pulled his cap athwart his eye,
And faced the howling stands.

"Three balls!" the fans yelled with delight.
"Two strikes!" the umpire said.
He knocked the next ball out of sight—
And then fell out of bed.

"I'm suah," said Cecil, "that I don't know what I shall do when I get out of High School. Mothah wants me to be a ministah, but I have a leaning towad litratchah."

"Did you ever think of becoming an actress?" she asked cruelly.

Mr. Vickery (from below)—How many of you fellows on that roof?

Boys—Three.

Mr. Vickery—Half of you come down, quick.

When a woman attends a handkerchief sale, it is probably because she wants to blow in something.

Judy had a little Chrow,
Its feet were very small;
Whenever Judy was at school,
This Chrow stood in the hall.

"What makes the Chrow love Judy so?"
The eager children cried.
"Why Judy loves the Chrow you know,"
The teacher dear replied.

Miss Trueblood (telling R. Campbell to put a stanza of scanned poetry on the board)—Roy, put your Iambic feet on the sideboard over there.

Mary G.—Oh, I have the worst habit of winking at everybody lately.

THE VOGUE
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BASE BALL, TENNIS, TRACK, BASKET BALL
GOLF SUPPLIES

IF IT'S IN HABERDASHERY

YOU WILL FIND IT AT

LICHTENFEL'S

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Diamonds and Watches—

IDEAL GRADUATION GIFTS

Our name will add distinction to your gift without adding to the price

See that it comes from

JENKINS & CO.

JEWELERS

He Did

There was a boy by the name of Rob Rees,
Who wished the curl of his locks to increase;
So around his pencil he wrapped them tight,
And left them there in broad daylight.

Miss Finrock, through her glasses strong,
Watched this young man with his curling tong.
Then she offered him a curler of kid.
Midst laughter then his head he hid.

He did.

AN EYE-WITNESS.

By shoulder cold and marble heart,
Full oft my love was froze;
But the greatest chill I knew not till
I got the tilted nose.

First Senior Maiden—Her hair turned perfectly white in one night from trouble.

Second Senior Maiden—Really? What was the nature of the trouble?

First S. M.—Chemical.

Lives of great men oft remind us,
Things that we had best avoid;
One is not to leave behind us,
Love notes that should be destroyed.

Miss Smelser—Byron, what did Cicero mean when he said "by the immortal gods"?

Byron W.—Oh, er um, why it was sort of a cuss word.



THE PRINTING ROOM

NEW PHYSICS LAW

The deportment of a pupil varies inversely as the square of the distance from his teacher.

Heinie D.—I am going to have my pictures taken soon. I hope they will do me justice.

Scoop—I hope so, too—justice tempered with mercy.

Letha—I could die listening to Clarion Good playing that solo in Pinafore.

Mills—That's all right for you, but I'd prefer a peaceful end myself.

First Freshman—Your head is all perspiration, Johnny.

Second Freshman—Yes, my roof leaks.

The world is blind, yet likes to laugh,
New jokes are hard to find;
A whole new Editorial Staff
Can't tickle every mind.

So if you see some ancient joke,
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a fake,
Just laugh—don't be so wise.

—Exchange.

Miss Smelser—June, what did you say?

June R.—Oh! Did I say something?

Mary Williams translating: "One of the man's feet slipped and the other groaned aloud."

Katherine Kenworthy in History—The plans of the general failed, because the British lost their supporters.

Addie Dean for History current event: "A New Contrivance to Hold Babies in Automobiles."

Ralph N.—Girls are shallow, fickle, thin, prevaricators, and many other things. I've sworn off.

Charlotte R. to John Miller while posing for Pierian Staff picture: Now quit, John.

Note—See picture.

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Why She Blushes

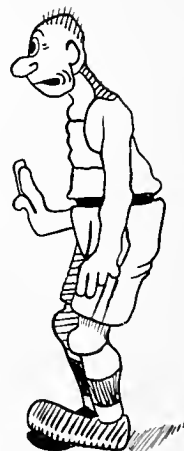
SONNET VERSION

WE BLITHELY speak about the blushing bride,
 Who always to the altar shyly goes,
 And softly down the aisle we watch her glide
 Between the pews filled with her bygone beaux.
 There's dear old Billy,—yes, and loving Jim,
 And Bob with whom she very often swam.
 There's Jack,—she sometimes used to golf with him,
 And dear old Steve who always called her "Lamb."
 There's also Ted, the football star she owned,
 And dearest Don of good old time's days.
 There's Herbert too, and blond Eugene renowned,
 Oh, such fine times they often had at plays.
 So it's no wonder she's the *blushing* bride,
 Ye Gods! Instead of blushing *we* would *hide*.

EDMUND SUDHOFF, '17.

Down in the meadows where the green grass grows,
 There sat Helen, sweet as a rose,
 Clarence Porter by her side
 Asking her to be his bride.
 Now, my darling; now, my dear,
 We'll be married within a year.
 Tell your mother to hold her tongue,
 For she had a fellow when she was young.
 Tell your father to do the same,
 For he was the one who changed her name.

THE GOLIATH FROM
 HAGERSTOWN →



1916

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IN LIFE TO SAVE

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1865

1916

Price's

For 51 years we have served the community with
the Best ICE CREAM and CANDIES

A Day with "My Little Girl"

BY RALPH CAMPBELL, '17

AT the "Dawn of a Perfect Day" "I Found You Among the Roses" "Along the Rocky Road to Dublin." I started the "Pigeon Walk" up "The Little Lane Without a Turning" until I had you "Close to My Heart." It was soon time for dinner and I thought "If You Only Had My Disposition" you would not "Bite the Hand that's Feeding You" today. After dinner I went "Floating Down the Old Green River" with "My Little Girl" when some one began to play "Dying Poet" on a Jew's-harp, and I wished we were "In the Valley of the Nile," or in almost any place but that boat. Before long the "Lights of My Home Town" came into view and some one began to sing "Picture Me Back Home in Tennessee" until I wished he were in Tennessee. It was now "Shadow Time" and as I was leaving for "Home Sweet Home" and "Mother," I thought I was leaving behind the "Sweetest Girl in Monterey" "In the Glory of the Moon Light."

The Hall Guard



Mark Mann at Beeson's stopped to watch
A patent cigar clipper,
He wondered if his finger was not
Quicker than the nipper.
(It wasn't.)

Mr. Null read that human eyes
Of hypnotism were full;
He went to see if it would work
Upon an angry bull.
(It wouldn't.)

Finney's

CONFECTIONERY AND LUNCHEONETTE

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THE PIERIAN

TWINKLE, TWINKLE

Your teeth are like the stars he said,
The maiden's face grew bright.
Your teeth are like the stars he said
They all come out at night.—*Ex.*

"Our fair young friend says she is a Daughter of the Revolution. Is that so?"

"No doubt of it. Her father runs a merry-go-round."

"His face deep scars of thunder had intrenched."

Mr. Null—Robert, separate the subject from the predicate.

R. J.—"His face" is the subject, "had intrenched deep scars of thunder" is the predicate.

Bob Smith (trying to explain that his best girl loves him)—Well, you see it's this way. I love the girl and she's all the world to me. All the world loves a lover and I'm a lover, therefore she loves me.

Shots must fly,
Shells must burst,
At home stay I,
Safety first!

Jim Eaton—When I get to Heaven I hope that I will have such a stand-in with St. Peter that I will be permitted to enter without hunting for a door-key.



PHYSIOGRAPHY

LOVE STORY

Chapter I—Maid one.

Chapter II—Maid won.

Chapter III—Made one.

Miss Barger—Why didn't you come back to take drawing of me this year?

Earl Ryan—Well, I had to take History, you see. I want to get through it before they write a new book with the European war in it.

Mr. Sloane—How do you make a quarter note?

Freshman—Why, it has a straight handle and it's full.

Bessie B.—Did you see the beautiful sunset last night?

Masculine Friend—No, where at?

Lester Crome's Definition of Mechanical Drawing: "Mechanical drawing is something you can understand whether you are German or not."

B. Dunn—What animal falls from the sky, Zitta?

Anna Z. M.—Don't know. What?

B. Dunn—Why, the rain-deer.

Mr. Edwards—What is one of the uses of aluminum?

C. Porter—It is used in making ball bearings for watch springs.

Ted Keisker—Anything like that makes me hot under the collar.

Scoop—I thought I smelt rubber burning.

Miss F. Bond—Declinieren Sie Mann.

Everett C.—Die Mann, die—

Miss B.—Nein, "der Mann," bitte.

Everett C.—Der Mann bitte, die Mann bitte—

Miss Hawkins—Herbert, what is a cylindrical surface?

Herbert B.—A cylindrical surface is a surface in which one line is fixed and the other is stationary.

1916



Engravings for School Publications a Specialty

An annual does not get itself out. It is two or three times harder than it looks. It makes no difference whether it is a little thin high school annual or a big university year book as heavy as a paving brick, it is a job of a thousand details, and the funny thing about it is that nine hundred of them are unlooked for.

Your first step, then, is to call in the assistance of a reliable engraver, and let him help plan your book. The sooner you are entitled to interested advice on a subject involving so many technical details, the more rapid and effective will be your progress.

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**Indianapolis Engraving &
Electrotyping Company**

222 East Ohio St., 5th floor Wulsin Bldg.

Indianapolis, Ind.



Bessie Buhl (Public Speaking)—Resolved that the Niagara Falls shall be dammed.

Thelma S. (reciting)—We are going away tomorrow—We went away tomorrow.

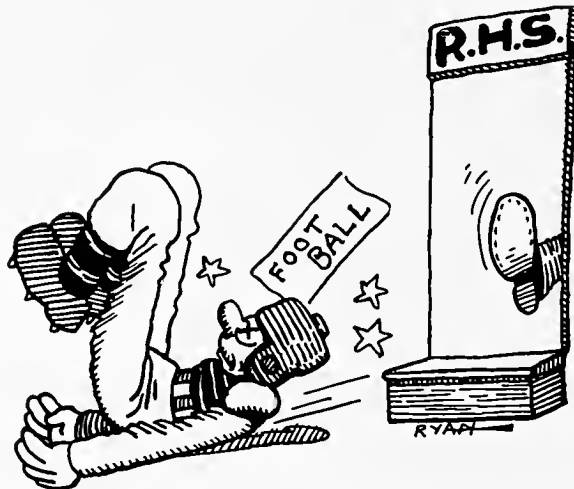
“Dodo” Meranda was awfully fussed when he started to the ladies’ dressing room at a certain dance.

A Senior never realizes his advancing years until he gets a wedding announcement from his high school chum who never went to college. Nuf sed is right.

Harold had a fountain pen,
A birthday gift I think;
And everywhere that Harold went
That pen was dribbling ink.
It followed him to bed one night
And dribbled on with vigor;
Krick awoke with morning light
To find himself a nigger.

First Villain—Where are those papers?
Second Villain—In the blacksmith shop.
First Villain—Ha, ha,—I suppose being forged.
Second Villain—No,—being filed.

A Story Without Words



Izzie Tarkelson—Oh, where did I get all the white on my shoes?

Helen J.—Off my shoes probably. You know you were on my lap.

Izzie—Oh, it’s a good thing John didn’t have on white shoes.

A Feather is the tail piece of one kind of chicken which becomes the top piece of another.

Jas. E.—There’s no such thing as luck.

Bob W.—Didn’t you ever ask a girl for a date when she had one?

Bill K.—What is the difference between a worn-out five dollar bill and a new one?

Mark M.—I give up.

Bill K.—Why, four dollars, of course.

Helen R. was drawing a picture when Clarence came along and said, “You have only drawn a horse. Why didn’t you draw a cart too?”

Helen replied, “Oh, I’m going to leave the horse draw the cart.”

Mr. Sipple—I’m tempted to give you a test.

M. Kelly—Yield not to temptation.

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Roy Dennis

8 NORTH TENTH STREET

W. R. Woodworth

To prove that a Freshman is an affliction.

Proof—A Freshman is new.
 New means not old.
 Not old means not stale.
 Not stale means fresh.
 Fresh means smart.
 Smart is a pain.
 Pain is an affliction.

Therefore: A Freshman is an affliction.
Q. E. D.

Among the little things that count, don't overlook the adding machine.

Russell P.—If I should kiss you, what would happen?
 Mildred N.—I would call father.
 Russell P.—Then I won't do it.
 Mildred N.—But father's in Europe.

Cy Pitts—John, did you know that the arm on the statue of Shakespeare is eleven inches long?

John M.—Well, why couldn't it have been twelve?

Cy Pitts—It would have been a foot.

Tob. J.—Do you want to see something swell?

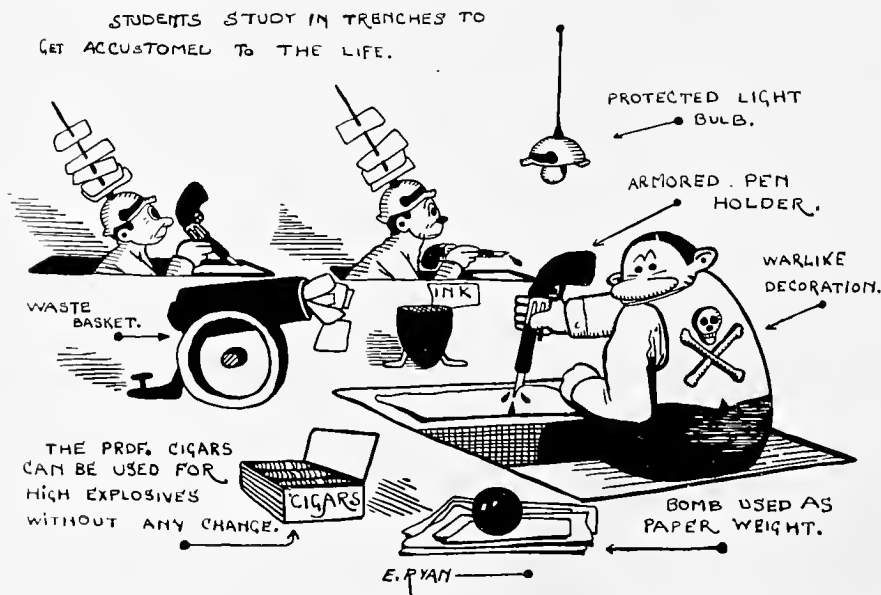
Bob W.—Sure, what is it?

Tob. J.—Get a sponge and soak it.

Some of the Junior boys thought they were being noticed when the Senior girls shook hands with them at the Social—mere politeness, that was all.

Handsome is as handsome dresses.

If Military Training were Established in the Schools



1916

W. O. CRAWFORD,

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PHONE 1766

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IN THE STARR

WE HAVE IT ON OUR FLOOR NOW

THE STARR PIANO CO.

TENTH AND MAIN STREETS



Our Farewell to R. H. S.

(EDITORIAL)

AND now we bid farewell to R. H. S.
 Old School, whose well remembered halls and rooms
 We've learned to love so well; and teachers too.
 Your clanging bells would send us scurrying
 Into the different rooms to meet our fate
 Or fortune, as perchance the case might be.
 Oft on your head our criticisms fell
 When some small matter did not suit us well.
 But then, I think we now both one and all
 Repent, and most magnanimously smile
 At those affairs, in retrospect so small,
 That were but keys to greater things in store.
 So now, the class that hereby bids farewell,
 Does fondly hope that our past presence here
 Will teach another student in your halls
 To learn to know you as you really are,
 And help to raise your name both up and on.

1916

Afterword ❖

NOW that you have read the book on which we have so earnestly worked, do not too hastily pass judgment upon it; but in after years, pick it up, reread it, and then if you are satisfied with it, we will be well repaid for our labor.

THE PIERIAN STAFF.

